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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1896.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

If one were asked to designate the Englishman who has been most successful in the field of letters, from the double viewpoint of renown and of emolument, he would undoubtedly name Walter Scott. The author of "Marmion" and "Waverley" drank deeper of the cup of fame in his own lifetime than did even Byron, and it may be questioned whether the combined earnings of Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot equaled his. It has been computed that, although Scott died insolvent, his pen had brought him upward of one million two hundred thousand dollars. As regards rapidity and bulk of composition, he has been approached by but one novelist; for the elder Dumas was the author of only a few of the books that bear his name. Anthony Trollope, in his autobiography, contends that he threw off novels at as swift a rate as did Scott, and that they were as numerous; but Trollope had no sense of humor, or he would scarcely have compared his own output of chaff with Scott's harvesting of golden grain. It is another point worth noting, that Scott and Victor Hugo alone can be said to have been almost equally successful in poetry and in prose fiction. There was a time, in the first decade of this century, when Wordsworth and Coleridge were as yet but ill-appreciated, when Byron had not yet flashed upon the world, and when Campbell's star had paled before Scott's superior effulgence. Nor is there any ground for the assertion once current, that Scott abandoned poetry for prose fiction because he feared to be eclipsed by the author of "Childe Harold"; the truth is that his first novel was published to relieve himself from a financial embarrassment, the first of a long series against which he was to struggle manfully but vainly all his life.

There was scarcely any foundation for the claim of feudal lineage which haunted Scott, and filled him with the dream of creating a baronial estate at Abbotsford. His father was a writer for the signet, as the Scots call an attorney, and his mother's father was a professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. His parents were highly respectable middle-class people, nothing more; and that they should have given birth to the Wizard of the North was a kind of miracle. The father meant his son to be a lawyer, and the latter in due course became a barrister, being admitted at the age of twenty-one to the faculty of advocates. Seven years later he obtained the office of sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, and in 1806, the reversion of the office of clerk of Court of Session at Edinburgh. As these two offices

together yielded an income of eight thousand dollars a year, Walter Scott did not have to write for a subsistence; but the impulse toward the composition of romantic poetry and romantic narrative seems to have been planted in him at a very early age. By the time he was ten, his collection of ballads filled several volumes. Before he was fifteen, he had mastered French sufficiently to read the old French metrical romances, and he had learned Italian and Spanish for the purpose of perusing Dante, Ariosto and Cervantes in the original. Side by side, therefore, with the academical curriculum prescribed for him by his father, he had pursued a course of study of his own, and it was the outgrowth of the latter which was to render him illustrious. Before he was out of his teens, he had added to the acquirements mentioned a then unusual knowledge of German, being especially attracted by the outburst of romantic literature in Germany during the latter part of the last century. It was, indeed, the translation of a distich of Bürger's "Lenore," which is said to have convinced him that he could write poetry himself. His first literary venture (1796) was a translation of two of Bürger's ballads, which was followed three years later by an English version of Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen." Not long afterward he published a collection of the "Minstrels of the Scottish Border," and an addition and continuation of the mediæval romance of "Sir Tristram." It was not, however, until 1805, when he was thirty-four years old, that, having hit upon a meter which he deemed suitable for ballad poetry, the octo-syllabic or four-beat line, he produced the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." This poem had an instantaneous and widespread success, exceeding even that of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," but itself surpassed by that of "Marmion," which saw the light in 1808. Curiously enough, in the interval Scott had already conceived the plan of a prose narrative, and penned the first chapters of "Waverley"; but these were thrown aside, having been pronounced dull by a sapient friend whose judgment he unluckily respected. Two years after "Marmion," appeared the "Lady of the Lake," which was received with enthusiasm and represents the high-water mark of Scott's achievement in verse. Meanwhile, Scott had taken part in founding the London *Quarterly Review*, the periodical started by the Tories to counterbalance the *Edinburgh Review*, which was a Whig organ. About the same time he made the fatal blunder of becoming a secret partner in the publishing house of Ballantyne & Co., and thereby became eventually responsible for its debts. This firm was already on the brink of failing as early as 1812, and the proceeds of the poem of "Rokeby" and of other miscellaneous writings of Scott's would have been powerless to save it, had not Constable, the great Edinburgh publisher, entered into an arrangement, by which a crisis was temporarily averted, but by which he and the firm of Ballantyne & Co., including its secret partner, became inextricably mixed up. It was in 1814, and while he was struggling to rescue himself and his partners from bankruptcy, that Scott bethought him of the unfinished manuscript of "Waverley" begun nine years before. He finished it in four weeks, and published it anonymously for what now seems to us the ludicrous reason that he believed the authorship of novels would be deemed below the dignity of a clerk of the Court of Session. The mystification, once begun, was kept up for amusement, and it was rendered possible by the fact that Scott continued to publish, under his own name, poems and miscellaneous writings at a rate which seemed incompatible with anonymous productions. That Scott, in addition to his avowed compositions, could be the author of the Waverley novels seemed the more incredible to those who knew that his duties in the Court of Session consumed at least three or four hours daily during six months out of the twelve. His elaborately annotated edition of Swift actually appeared in the same year with "Waverley," and his poem, the "Lord of the Isles," only six months afterward. Exactly one month later came forth "Guy Mannering," which had been written, we are told, in about six weeks, and the following year gave birth to no fewer than three novels, "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality." When we remember that all this time Scott was dispensing during the summer months a lavish hospitality at Abbotsford, where, to a careless eye, he

might seem to have nothing to do, we can understand why many, even of those who supposed they knew him well, did not believe him capable of writing two or three novels a year in addition to his acknowledged publications.

Scott had reproached one of his partners with regarding him as a milch cow, but it was rather the life of a pack-horse that he led from 1814 until 1817. It is doubtful whether, if Scott had possessed a robust and massive constitution, it could have borne the manifold and incessant strain to which he subjected it. As a matter of fact, he had suffered since his infancy from lameness, the outcome of an arrested growth of the right leg, and also from a delicate habit of body, which rendered him peculiarly susceptible to nervous disorders. The intellectual regimen, which he had followed since 1805, was the worst possible for a man thus constituted physically, and, as we shall see, it killed him at the age of sixty-one. Meanwhile he had, in 1817, what should have been a premonition of danger in a series of attacks of cramp of the stomach, which recurred at intervals during two years. Some keen and loving students of Scott have imagined that they can detect the first symptoms of mental decadence in the novels written at this period. They forget that among those produced by Scott, while he was racked with agony, or in short terms of respite from excruciating pangs, were the "Heart of Mid-lothian" and "Rob Roy," which belong in the front rank of his masterpieces. To the same period of intermittent anguish belong "The Bride of Lammermoor," the "Legend of Montrose" and "Ivanhoe," all of which were dictated, for he suffered too much pain to write with his own hand. As a matter of fact, the first of the successors of "Waverley," in which the public seemed to detect some waning of the author's powers, was the "Monastery," and this happened to be the first novel completed after the restoration of Scott's health. "The Abbot," which followed, and which contains the memorable portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, confounded the prophets of evil; then came "Kenilworth," presenting the companion picture of Queen Elizabeth and the winning lineaments of Amy Robsart; "The Pirates," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "Redgauntlet," and "St. Ronan's Well." Of these, "The Fortunes of Nigel" and "St. Ronan's Well" have been severely criticised for looseness of construction or artificial characterization, and have been held up as proofs of the deterioration of Scott's intellect. On the other hand, these very stories have been preferred by some of the most competent judges to any others of the Waverley series.

It was just eleven years after the appearance of "Waverley," and at a time when Scott supposed that he had laid the firm foundations of a handsome fortune, that he found himself involved in the ruin of his publishing associates. The failure of the London branch of the firm of Constable & Co. imposed on him a personal liability of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That was a debt which would have appalled any other author that ever lived, and none assuredly would have dreamed of effacing it by the labors of his pen. Yet such was the stupendous task to which Scott devoted the short remainder of his life, and, although he had to leave the work unfinished when his overtaxed brain gave way, he had gone far toward its accomplishment. He literally wrote for honor, and neither the most distressing bereavements, nor the irreparable loss of all the fond hopes of his life, could abate the ardor of his efforts in his creditors' behalf. During the ensuing three years he published "Woodstock," distinguished for the remarkable conception of Cromwell's character; three "Chronicles of the Canongate"; "The Fair Maid of Perth"; "Anne of Geierstein," with its portrait of Charles the Bold, to whom, as Comte de Charolais, we had been already introduced in "Quentin Durward"; "The Life of Napoleon," a task which imposed more labor than half a dozen novels; part of the "History of Scotland"; "The Tales of a Grandfather," and a multitude of miscellaneous writings. The outcome of these unparalleled exertions was that by January, 1828, Scott had paid his creditors two hundred thousand dollars. He pursued unflaggingly the work of reimbursement, but his physical endurance was unequal to his strength of will, and in February, 1830, he suffered a stroke of paralysis. This was followed by a touch of apoplexy in November of the same year, and

by a second stroke of paralysis in the following April. Not even now would he renounce his honorable purpose, and by the autumn of 1831, two more novels, "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," were ready for the press. These are undoubtedly the weakest productions of Scott's pen, but they are pathetic testimonies of an almost heroic aim. They bear witness to a sturdiness and loftiness of character unsurpassed by men of any type, and prove that, great as Scott was in letters, he was even greater as a man. Scarcely had the books last-mentioned seen the light, than his mental faculties became irremediably clouded, and the man who had given delight to millions, died, about a twelvemonth afterward, in the happy but humble belief that his debts were paid.

All of Scott's novels were historical, for even "Waverley," the persons and events of which were nearest in date to his own time, bore for its alternative title the words "'Tis Sixty Years Since." The question of the historical novel considered as a species of artistic composition, has thus been raised by Scott as by no other imaginative writer. It is interesting to recall what he himself said upon the subject; we shall find it in the review of the *Waverley* novels which he himself, as yet unknown to be their author, contributed to the *Quarterly Review*. He denied that historical romances are the enemies of history; on the contrary, he said, they are its acolytes. He admitted that previous historical novels had been failures; but the failure he attributed to imperfect knowledge on the part of the writers, and not to any defects inseparable from the kind of composition. If, he said, anachronisms in manners can be avoided, and the features of an age gone by can be recalled in a spirit of delineation at once faithful and striking, the author may take his seat on the bench of the historians of his time and country. Scott was inclined to think that he himself, the author of the *Waverley* novels, was entitled to no mean place in such a company. For the following reasons: At once a master of the great events and minute incidents of history, and of the manners of the times to which his readers are transported, as distinguished from those which now prevail, he thus approves himself the intimate of the living as well as of the dead. His judgment enables him to separate those traits which are characteristic from those which are generic, and his imagination, not less accurate and discriminating than vigorous and vivid, presents to the mind of the reader the manners of the time, and introduces to his familiar acquaintance the individuals of the drama, as they thought and spoke and acted. In this review of his own novels, Scott did not hesitate to compare himself with Shakespeare in at least one particular. The volume, he said, which the author of the *Waverley* novels had studied, was the great book of Nature. He had gone abroad into the world in quest of what the world will, certainly, abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a man of the very highest genius alone will depict after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human than are Scott's, are not more perfectly men and women, as they lived and moved and had their being.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

AMERICAN ships and shipping—or, practically, the lack of both—is a subject which has suddenly come to the front again. The Commissioner of Navigation, in his annual report, just issued, bemoans the decrease of our carrying trade and urges the passage of a bill allowing Americans to buy vessels abroad, where they are cheaper than here; the Superintendent of the Naval Academy urges the training of cadets on sailing vessels instead of steamers, and the president of New York's Maritime Exchange made a strong speech on the general subject at the annual dinner of the Naval Architects' Association. Probably Congress will go through the motions of doing something about the matter, but all of the complainants and would-be reformers seem to ignore two very important facts which are likely to prevent a change for the better; one is that American money can find many means of investment which are more satisfactory than competition with the shipping interest of certain European countries, and the other is that Americans who are fit to become sailors can find more pleasing

and profitable occupation than life on shipboard. Officers' positions are the only ones worth having in the merchant marine; even these are not very tempting. Much has been written about the New England fishing fleet as a nursery of American seamen, but the truth is that at the present time almost all the men "before the mast" in this fleet are foreigners. Restless boys still run away to sea, but such of them as are good for something are likely to return as soon as possible, and to remain ashore for the remainder of their days.

Whenever we have held a national election, and counted the returns, and learned who is to be the next President, and agreed that after all said and done the country will continue to exist, there has followed a mass of praise and blame for the men who worked for and against either side. At such times there is much said of the candidates themselves, the bosses, the organizers, the public speakers, the newspaper editors, but seldom, apparently never, has any one called attention to one extremely potent factor—the country merchant. Yet there is not in the nation any other class, the so-called "Money power" not excepted, that has so large an influence upon the masses who decide at the polls which way a State shall go as the hundreds of men who manage country stores. Seldom does the country merchant become rich; less often does he venture into practical politics; yet to him, more than to any political leader or party boss, does the average villager or farmer look for counsel during a national campaign. Among all the men of his vicinity he is the one who is most closely interested in the general prosperity of the commonwealth; he is always the creditor, to an extent unknown in cities, of the mass of his customers, so no matter what may be his party predilections he is obliged to talk from the standpoint of safe business, which, in his case, means the business safety of the community in which he lives. It is a fact, strange but true, that although his business differs little, in practice, from that of the banker, the people who will in no circumstances take counsel from the most honest banker of the vicinity will lounge for hours at the "store," for a chance to question the merchant as to how the people ought to vote regarding questions which will affect business in general. Against one honest and tactful merchant—and one may be found in almost any town—all the politicians are powerless to the extent of such a percentage of voters as is sufficient to turn the scale.

One of the special subjects for gratitude on Thanksgiving Day ought to be that the President-elect will not have to waste much of his time upon office-seekers. Until recently the legitimate duties of a new President have been impeded for at least a year because of the frantic desire of at least a million Americans to take public offices from about a quarter of a million other Americans who already occupied the said offices, and who, presumably, knew something of duties with which the applicants were entirely unfamiliar. This war of the "Outs" against the "Ins" has put Presidents, Senators, Representatives and "organizations" by the ears; it has worried two Presidents into untimely graves, indirectly led to the assassination of another, and often torn both great parties into malignant factions. Of late years, however, the offices, section after section, have been placed under the protection of the Civil Service rules, until there are not many, comparatively, to be fought over; such as are of strictly political nature are still open to politicians and their retainers, but there will never again be a general cleaning-out of competent public servants for the single reason that the politics of the Administration have changed. Not only will the President be benefited by the change, but members of Congress will be enabled to pay some attention to the business for which they were elected, instead of giving most of their time to constituents who have failed at everything else, and think, therefore, that the Government owes them places and incomes.

The excess of American exports for the last ten months over the corresponding months of last year was more than two hundred million dollars; the decrease of imports was more than thirty millions. There may have been some grumbling at the prices obtained for the goods exported; there would have been even had the prices been ten times as great, for did any one except a saint ever get as much money as he wanted for whatever he had to sell? The fact

remains that despite hard times and the enormous home consumption we have been able to show the enormous surplus indicated above, and we have at the same time reduced our dependence upon foreign products to the extent of thirty millions. This is indeed a dismal season for croakers and calamity-mongers in general.

However college athletics may be criticised from some points of view, it cannot be denied that they are financially profitable. The gentlemen who have charge of the finances of the muscular departments of Yale College announce that they have a surplus of nine thousand four hundred dollars—a larger balance on the right side than can probably be shown by the largest and most prosperous church in the land. From time to time, in recent years, certain progressive pastors have insisted that the churches should take charge of the diversions of young people; in the face of the Yale figures it would not be surprising if the suggestion were made anew, and for reasons not unconnected with one of the greatest torments of religious organizations, which is the church debt.

Some newspapers are voicing a suspicion that Spanish feeling toward the United States may lead to hostile demonstrations against some of our Southern seaports, in the event of the failure of Spanish arms in Cuba. Articles on the defenseless condition of some of these ports, and on the great range of modern artillery, are combining with the above-noted suspicion to greatly scare the inhabitants of some Southern ports. It may be said with entire safety that until we get into trouble with a naval power stronger than Spain there is no reason for any seacoast community lying awake o' nights. The Spanish navy is too small to spare any ships from Cuban waters; those in Spanish ports will not be allowed to leave, for it is generally expected that failure in Cuba will lead to an uprising in Spain itself. In the event of war we can place at least one good ship at any and every seaport on our Eastern and Southern coast; Spain has no vessels in Cuban waters that would dare meet these, for her ships are unarmored. As to the ability of a war vessel to lie half a dozen miles off shore and destroy a city at leisure, the less said the better in the presence of naval men. The possible range of a rifled cannon is a very different thing from service range at sea; the elevation necessary to carry a shot half a dozen miles would result, on firing, in a shock which would rack the gun-carriage, and perhaps the ship, to destruction. There is no reason whatever for a scare over what Spain might do to our South Atlantic and Gulf ports, helpless though any of these would be against a well-appointed fleet.

About a year and a half ago a clever Yankee skipper left Boston in a thirty-foot boat with the intention of circumnavigating the world, and the trip has been half completed safely, the little craft having reached Sydney, Australia. It is impossible not to admire the daring sailor's courage and skill, yet the world would have been better off if the trip had not been attempted. There have been far too many purposeless, foolhardy trips of this kind; their only result, aside from the dime-museum popularity and profit of the men who have succeeded, has been the rousing of the spirit of senseless daring among young men whose energies could find ample and useful employment nearer home.

Some luxuries have a seductive way of becoming necessities: tea, coffee and sugar are illustrations to the point; but one device intended originally and specially for purposes of personal enjoyment promises to get its first American recognition through the requirements of business. It is the horseless carriage, or wagon. It is already in use, to a limited extent, by business houses in the United States, but the first probable large use of it will be by the postal authorities of the city of New York. Some horseless wagons are to be used for the collection and distribution of mail matter between the many branch offices, sub-stations, etc., and the main office, and the experiment is being awaited with great interest by thousands of business houses. To attain results entirely satisfactory these vehicles require roads which are fairly smooth and level; as there are no heavy "grades" in New York, and many miles of the streets have smooth pavements of asphalt, while the remainder have good stone surfaces, it is generally believed that the new wagons will answer their purpose.



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE Horse Show which terminated ten days ago was as captivating as any that I have seen. The broughams and drags exhibited were simply superb. In detail and design, in general smartness, they were better than any display in Hyde Park. There were ponies that you wanted to kiss and horses that you wanted to steal. Taking one thing with another, it was the best show that has been given here in the past twelve years.

It was marvelous to see how hackneys have developed. The majority of them used to be heavy as lead. Whether the effect is climatic or dietic, or both, is a query; but the result is patent. In place of bulk and weight there was style and beauty, aristocratic looks, fine necks and admirable shoulders. Three in particular—Royalty, Cadet and Frills—were delightful.

The hunters, too, were stunning. Majestic and Punch are splendid old fellows, and it would have done your heart good to have seen Ladylike clear six feet six without winking. These hunters constituted, with the coaches, the spectacular part of the show. One of the latter, topped off as it was by a "cock horse," looked for all the world as though it had driven straight out of one of Herring's prints. It took you back a hundred years. There were trunks in the cradle, spare collars on the brackets. The guard had a yard of tin to toot with, a royal old hat, a scarlet coat—everything, in fact, down to a way-bill case and clock. Cruikshank would have loved him.

The number of pretty girls looking on was prodigious. The majority of them never have been and never will be known to fame. They belong to that great class of uncatalogued beauties of which New York is the unique possessor. They are the daughters and wives and sisters and sweethearts of the prosperous men of business who are without social aspirations. You look at them, wonder who they are, admire them, and never see them again. They put flowers in your thoughts that presently fade and disappear.

In the boxes, however, there were the dowers and matrons whose names you may read in the papers every day of your life and who make the glory, not alone of the Horse Show, but of the opera. With them were the pretty girls who are known to fame. Miss Katherine Duer, for instance, Miss Wetmore, Miss Constance Schiefflin, Miss Renee Coudert, Miss Belle Neilson, Miss Elsie Coster, Miss Banks, Miss Grant and Miss Fair. It was they that constituted the prime feature of the Show, precisely as they constitute the attraction at the opera. Mapleson's troupe at the Academy of Music was excellent. They would not go. The house was half empty. They go to the Metropolitan, and the Metropolitan is jammed. Though the Horse Show was admirable this year, had they remained away, so would the others. Socially as commercially, there is no arguing with Fashion. Its presence draws, its absence depletes.

The best joke I have heard for many a day is the suit of Mr. Brooke against Mrs. Fleming. It was something splendid to see the manner in which he treated her. When she entered the court-room from the Tombs he would rise and salute her with the courtesy of seigneurial France. In addressing the Bench, in arguing with the District Attorney, in the examination of a witness, whenever he mentioned her it was refreshing to note how he would turn to where she sat, indicate her gravely yet amply and designate her as "This lady, my client."

Now he states that "this lady, his client," has bilked him out of two-thirds of his fee, conduct which, if the allegation be true, is not altogether lady-like. The amount agreed upon between them in case of acquittal was twenty thousand dollars, a sum rather large if "this lady" was innocent, rather moderate if she was not. Innocent or guilty, Mr. Brooke deserved his fee. He fought for her like a demon, against that which at first looked like tremendous odds. There were six volumes of testimony. In each volume there are eight hundred pages. How many exceptions they contain, just how many times Mr. Brooke with a shake

of his head and a bulldog projection of the lower jaw exclaimed, "And I except to Your Honor's ruling," a lightning calculator would take as long to determine as Scheele did to make his quantitative and qualitative analyses. That was not forever, for Scheele did things pretty quick. To calculate less theoretically it is safe to assume that out of the forty-eight hundred pages which hold the record of the proceedings there are not over two hundred on which no objections appear; on all of the others there is at least one and on the majority there is a brocade of them embroidered straight through.

They are all Mr. Brooke's. They were brought about somewhat in this fashion. A witness would be put on the stand. The District Attorney would ask a question. The lips of the witness would part in reply. Before more than a fraction of a syllable could issue, Mr. Brooke would hold the witness up, hold up the prosecution, hold up the Court.

Generally speaking he was overruled, but no overruling diminished his pertinacity. Opposition seemed to refresh him. There were times when you would have thought him bowed to the earth, utterly routed, hushed for good. But not a bit of it. At the moment when his defeat seemed most complete he would so twist in the encircling coils as to make them weapons where-with not alone to continue the fight but where-with to win.

I recall one objection in particular in the course of which he was commanded by the Bench to sit down. He protested. The Recorder declined to listen further and reiterated the order for him to sit down. Then with the air and manner of a little boy sent from the room for misbehavior, Mr. Brooke half turned, hesitated, turned back and through the exercise of a guile unique and his own, succeeded in re-engaging the Recorder in conversation, protested his respect, denied his contumacy, and presently he was continuing the very objection because of which he had been told to be seated. He did indeed sit down, but it was long after, when he had finished—when he had succeeded in having the objection sustained.

Meanwhile Mrs. Fleming was forgot. It was Mr. Brooke alone who was in evidence, and when at last, having had his say, he did sit down, it was with an air of mastery which would have become Napoleon at Marengo. At the moment he was not merely a lawyer, he was an actor, quasi-Shakespearian, a compound of irony and good-humor, Falstaff and Mercutio in one.

On another occasion, during a scene practically similar, the command of the Recorder was so emphatic that Mr. Brooke obeyed. He did sit down. Then he got up. During the moment that intervened he disguised himself with smoked glasses into a resemblance of his associate, Mr. Shaw. Before he was unmasked, and the deception he had practiced discovered, an objection made in a feigned voice had been sustained.

To tell how he won the case would be the recital of ancient history; but he did win it, and I think "that lady, his client," should have paid him every cent of his fee.

In the Waldorf a short time ago a gentleman dropped on the floor a pocketbook containing nine hundred dollars. It was found by waiters, who kept the money. They were arrested and the property delivered to the loser. Subsequently it was represented that without the money no case could be made out against the men, and the owner handed it over to the authorities. In court the prisoners pleaded guilty and were committed. The money was then asked for by the owner and refused by the magistrate, Justice Mott—Injustice Mott, rather—on the ground that although the facts were clearly proven and the prisoners had pleaded guilty, yet they might be innocent, in which case the money belonged to them. A man such as that is a disgrace to the Bench.

There are others. A fortnight ago Edith Bahr came up for sentence before Justice McCormick in the Union County Court, Elizabeth, N. J., on the charge of having assaulted William Bloy, a six-foot farmer. The girl's cows had found their way into his farm. Before her brother, who was driving them, could get them out, Bloy fastened the gate and threatened to send them to the pound. The boy called to his sister for aid, whereupon, according to the reports, Bloy tried to eject her. But she was one too many for him; she bowled him over, got the cows and drove them home.

Bloy had her arrested for assault. Justice McCormick sentenced her to three months' imprisonment. He ought to get six for it himself. A fine would have been preposterous, but imprisonment was brutal. We don't want any more brutes on the Bench. We have jackasses enough.

The volume of "New Poems" by Christina Rossetti suggests the disappointment almost always inspired by posthumous verse. A poet is never at his best in what he has kept in reserve. Hugo wasn't, and Miss Rossetti is not an exception. But in this case the disappointment is counterbalanced by the biographic interest and by the Italian poems which appear here for the first time. Among the many *bouts-rimés*—those, namely, of which the rhymes are first provided and the verse afterward filled in—there are three sonnets with the same rhymes, which is somewhat of a feat. One of the Italian poems is a felicitous rendering of Hadrian's famous "Animula, vagula, blandula," which she puts as follows:

"Animuccia, vagantuccia, morbiduccia,
Oste del corpo e suora,
Ove or farai dimora?
Palliduccia, irrigidita, svestituccia,
Non piu scherzanti ora."

Her English of it is:

"Soul rudderless, unbraced,
The body's friend and guest,
Whither away to-day?
Unsuppled, pale, diseased,
Dumb to thy wonted jest."

A year ago in an adjoining village there lived a girl named May. She was the prettiest of the pretty girls of the place, and she was as good as she was pretty. She had the sweet, coquettish little ways of a mouse, the daintiness of a Persian kitten, great blue eyes, a rippling laugh, and a skin as fair as a lily. Presently a stranger came. In a week the girl had gone. In a month she was forgotten. What was the charm that stranger had which drew her innocence to him? To May's parents he represented that inexplicable thing which is called Antipathy. To May he was that equally inexplicable thing which is called Love. And not Love alone, he was Mystery, and of all other things mystery is the one which disturbs the imagination most. If you wish to be wholly loved by those who love you, never let yourself be wholly known. Even in your kisses let there be a secret.

To the police, who have few fine terms, fewer prejudices, that stranger was neither lovable nor antipathetic, he was not even mysterious; a professional criminal merely, with whom at present they are having their say.

They are having it with her, too. Robinson Crusoe, you remember, fancied the island he had discovered was an untrdden soil. The first time he took a stroll he found a footprint. His island was not untrdden, it had been pretty well peopled. May made discoveries just as unexpected. Not being Robinson Crusoe they broke her heart.

Three weeks ago she entered a Brooklyn lodging-house, hired a room and attempted to kill herself. The effort failing, she was taken to a hospital, where she gave her name as May Wintage and to the inquiring police told a tale which has led to a dozen arrests.

The stranger for whom she left her home is a man named Valentine, the head and front of a syndicate of swindlers as clever and adroit as New York has known for many a year. The nature of the swindles, the shrewdness and cheek with which they were conducted, have been so amply recited in the daily papers that they need not be repeated here. Besides, the point is elsewhere. Here is a story of metropolitan life which possesses enough sensational features to make a melodrama, and which has the advantage, or, if you prefer, the disadvantage, of being true. Some time ago a congress of authors decided that stories had all been told. That it was idle to try to think up a plot, that whatever you might hit on you would find that it had been hit on before. Admitting the argument to be just, why should novelists think up plots? The daily papers furnish one or two every other morning for a penny, and I am inclined to think that if a congress of readers is ever held they will declare that they would prefer a real story taken from real life, well told and written without any other purpose than that of entertaining, to all the sex problems and amateur psychology that a congress of authors separately or collectively could produce.

NOVEMBER 26, 1896.]

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

5

THE SURPRISES OF SCIENCE.

ONE of the most dramatic incidents in modern astronomy is the recent discovery at the Lick Observatory of Procyon's consort, a star of which the existence has been suspected for over half a century, but which until a fortnight ago no earthly eye had seen.

In the early forties, Leverrier, in France, concluded from mathematical analysis based on disturbances occurring in the motions of Uranus that out and beyond it was an unknown planet. Its mass, distance and position was computed. The data was sent to the Brussels Observatory, and in the direction indicated the planet was found. That planet is Neptune.

Circumstances practically similar have attended the recent announcement. For a long time past irregularities in the movements of Procyon have convinced astronomers that it was being acted upon by some tremendous and unseen mass. The hope, however, of obtaining visual evidence was slight. There was just a chance of obtaining it through the spectroscope, which could not of course show the mass itself, but which might confirm the mathematical computations upon which the belief in its existence had been founded.

The big telescopes have only been available for about ten years. During that time until the present this companion of Procyon has been either too close to it to be seen or else has had an elliptical orbit. The same has been true of the companion of Sirius. Since 1890 it has hid itself from observers, and it is only recently that it got far enough away from Sirius to come within the range of the telescope.

It was in 1844 that Bessel announced that Procyon had a companion. The assertion, though made on the authority of purely mathematical calculations, was generally accepted. In 1873 it was thought that that companion had been discovered, but such was not the case. A few years ago it was searched for with the same telescope with which it has just been detected, but at the time it could not be seen. Its distance has heretofore been computed at about that of Jupiter from the sun; the shape of its orbit has been supposed to be nearly circular, and the period of revolution forty or fifty years.

On either side of Mars there are two bright stars. Procyon is the one to the north. Behind it the consort revolves. The entire inci-

dent constitutes not alone one of the surprises of science, but serves to make the heavens more neighborly than of yore.

That old coquette, this world of ours, conceals her age, but her biography is under our feet. As we read backward through it her years mount up into ten hundred million. The date of the beginning of civilization is as yet un-reached, but it is being approached.

Two months ago the result of the discoveries of a commission sent by the University of Pennsylvania to make excavations on the site of Nippur was published in this WEEKLY. The commission announced the scientifically surprising fact that the ancient Babylonian mound contained not only the cities known collectively as Nippur, but also a still more ancient city in which were found cuneiform inscriptions belonging to a period anterior to Christ by five thousand years, showing thereby that civilization was centuries older than we believed; for its advent had until these discoveries been placed at 4004 B.C., a date which appears in all modern editions of the Bible.

Since then greater things have developed. A fortnight ago further information had been received. Professor Hilprecht, the Assyriologist, now declares that his knowledge of the development of cuneiform writing justifies him in stating that the earliest inscriptions found could not have been developed in less than three thousand years; which, if true, places the beginning of civilization at about 9000 B.C.

It has been claimed that the pyramid of Sa-kar-ha, in the necropolis of Memphis, was the oldest known of human structures, and there were evidences to show that it was erected about four thousand years before the present era. Now, however, in the relics excavated from Nippur, there is proof that a high state of civilization existed long before. Upon the site of the Garden of Eden, a few miles from where the Tower of Babel stood, the tablets which have been unearthed carry back human history into ages remoter still.

These tablets are almost as clear to-day as when the writing on them was done, and not a doubt has been expressed as to the correctness of the dates which they bear. An extraordinary feature of the ruins from which they have been excavated is the fact that they were under more than thirty-six feet of earth, upon the top of which were the ruins of what archeologists regarded as the only Nippur. Both of these cities, one under the other, had the same

name, although they were separated by a kalpa of time.

But there is another feature still more surprising. The existence of the earlier Nippur was not until recently suspected. When Assyriologists reached the brick platform upon which the upper city stood they supposed that they were standing on its foundation. In two or three places where this brick platform was dug through for a short distance, nothing but earth was found below. It was never imagined that a thick layer of earth and sand underlay the upper city and separated it from another beneath it, because in the progress of excavations among the ruins of Chaldea and Egypt nothing of the kind had occurred.

Now why should it have occurred here? How did that city sink into the plain? How did it get a grave of earth? That it did sink is clear from the fact that its streets are below the plain's level. But how came it to get that grave?

The soil surrounding the ruins of the under city is clearly alluvial, although neither the Euphrates nor the Tigris, both of which are near by, has ever apparently overflowed so extensively as to submerge it. This fact, joined to the extreme antiquity of prehistoric Nippur, leads to but one conclusion. It was destroyed by the Deluge and then forgot.

Edison has another surprise in store. The blind, he has announced, will be made to see, and that within a few years. They may be unable to read, but it will be possible for them to distinguish persons and things. He has just concluded a series of experiments by which two blind men were able to perceive light! The result was obtained by means of the X-rays. A similar experiment with the fluoroscope has recently been successful in San Francisco, not light alone, but objects were distinguished and described.

The possibilities of the X-rays are infinite, and though they are yet in their infancy, they are in use, not alone to detect certain diseases, but to cure them! The latest work to which it has been applied has been a case of tuberculosis, in which it distinctly showed the presence of this disease in the bones of a patient. It has been found that tuberculosis of the skin can be arrested by subjecting it to the action of X-rays in treatments of fifteen to twenty minutes, and it is believed that this treatment can be extended to tuberculosis of the lungs, or consumption. Bravo!

EDGAR SALTUS.



M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR.

Paul Armand Challemel-Lacour was born at Avranches, France, May 19, 1827. He received his education at the Lycée of St. Louis, Paris, and at the École Normale. As a result of Napoleon III's coup d'état (at which time M. Challemel-Lacour was professor of philosophy at Limoges) he was banished from his country, and traveled in Belgium and Switzerland. He presently became professor of French literature in the Pantéchon at Zurich. In 1859 he returned to France and wrote for the *Revue Politique*; and, after the downfall of the Second Empire in September 1870, Gambetta appointed him Prefect of the Rhone, where he tried, ineffectually, to quell the disturbances made by the Commune of Lyons. When Gambetta retired from the provisional government, Challemel-Lacour also withdrew from office. In 1870 he was elected a Senator for the Bouches-du-Rhône Department, and in 1876 he was sent as ambassador to Berne. Subsequently he was made ambassador to London, where he remained two years in office, but without acquiring much distinction. He resigned to assume the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the administration of M. Jules Ferry, whom he succeeded as President of the Senate in March, 1883. Here he showed himself one of the most finished French orators in political life. He has twice acted *pro tempore* as President of the Republic; namely, after the assassination of President Carnot, and after the resignation of President Castelnau-Perier. In March, 1883, he was also elected a member of the Académie Française as a successor to Ernest Renan. He died October 26, 1896.



THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AND THE ARCHDUCHESS DOROTHEA.

Louis Philippe Robert, Duke d'Orléans, is the great-grandson of Louis Philippe, and, if we except the so-called "White Legitimists" who hold that the Spanish Don Carlos is the true heir of the French monarchy, he is recognized by all French adherents of the Bourbons as the representative of the Legitimist principle in France. He was born Feb. 6, 1869, at York House, Twickenham, where his parents, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, were living in exile. Two years after his birth, the Second Empire having meanwhile fallen, their banishment was revoked, and his childhood was passed at Paris, and at the Chateau d'Eu. He was studying at the College Stanislaus in Paris, when the royal family was expelled from France for the second time. They went back to England, and the young Duke was educated in the art of war, being entered as a gentleman-cadet at Sandhurst. In 1888 he received a British commission and embarked for Bombay, but his stay in the East was not distinguished by any marked incident, and the following year he went to Switzerland to study the Continental military system. In 1890 he not only crossed the frontier of France unnoticed, but managed to be enrolled under an assumed name in the army of the Republic. However, he was soon discovered, arrested, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Clairvaux. At the expiration of six months, President Carnot pardoned him, but the Duke had brought him popularity, and, when the Comte de Paris died in 1894, his son and heir, the Duke of Orleans, came prominently before the public eye, and strongly asserted his fidelity to the dynastic pretensions of his family. At one time he was betrothed to the Princess Marguerite, daughter of the Duke of Chartres, and again, to the Princess Henriette, daughter of the Count of Flanders; but both these engagements were canceled, and on Nov. 5 of this year, he was married to the Archduchess Marie Dorothea Amelia, daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria. The wedding took place in the Hofburg Chapel, Vienna. In view of her marriage, the Princess Dorothea formally renounced her claim to succession to the throne of Austria-Hungary.



DON CARLOS.

Prince Charles of Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, is by right of birth the head of the old royal line of Hugh-Capet, being the direct descendant of the Duke d'Anjou, Philip V. of Spain, the grandson of Louis XIV. Ever since 1869 he has figured conspicuously in Spanish politics, and several insurrections or attempts at insurrections, have been organized to establish his claim to the throne of Spain as the direct male heir of the Spanish line of kings. His partisans claim that the Salic law was introduced into the Bourbon dynasty, and that, therefore, the accession of Isabella II. was unlawful. On his behalf Carlist uprisings occurred in '69, '70, and '72, but these preliminary essays were straightforwardly put down. In 1873, however, upon the abdication of King Amadeo, Don Carlos headed a really formidable revolt, which was not repressed until early in the year 1876. He went to Paris subsequently, and was expelled from the French capital in 1881, having openly expressed sympathy with the Legitimists of his own, the "White" faction. Since that time he has lived, for the most part, at Venice and Viareggio. Don Carlos is now the head of the Carlist party, and his cause is still upheld. He was despoiled of his dukedom in 1876, but was deemed a mésalliance, by marrying the Princess Marie Berthe de Rohan, whose family is descended from the former sovereign dukes of Brittany. There has been a revival of Carlist activity in Spain of late years, and several times it has looked as though little Alfonso XIII might be ousted from the throne which he nominally occupies. Don Carlos visited this country less than a quarter of a century ago, and is remembered by many people in New York as a stalwart and handsome young man.

A STATUETTE.

"You treat Jack so rudely, Flossie."

"You don't mean that, mamma;" and Flossie's forget-me-not eyes flashed a little. "You mean that I don't flatter him, like every other girl or man whom he knows."

Mrs. Lambert sighed. Florence was so willful! Here was Jack Trescott, with five millions, constantly making himself nice to her, and her "how d'ye dos" and her "good-bys" and her smiles of welcome and her nods of farewell were all just as ordinary as if he had been some struggling broker. And the girl wasn't rich or even pretty, either, except in the way of winsome expression, graceful figure, and those really captivating eyes.

Jack Trescott may or may not have realized that he could marry any one of at least ten radiantly handsome and brilliant girls by merely lifting his finger. I say that he may or may not have realized this, for he never gave anybody the faintest sign that he thought himself a *great parti*. But of Flossie Lambert he certainly could never have suspected that marrying her might be achieved by any such facile process.

They had played tennis and golf together at country house-parties, they had danced together at hunt balls in country-clubs, and at Newport and Lenox and Tuxedo. She had sat on the box-seat of Jack's coach, and paced with him the clean shining decks of his big steam-yacht. And on one of these occasions it had chanced that Jack had asked her to be his wife.

Flossie had refused him. "We don't know one another well enough," she said.

"But I thought we were old friends," objected Jack.

"Not at all. Society is a place where people conceal their true characters; and thus far we've met only *in society*."

Jack scratched the side of his cheek. "Is there any other place where we could go and get better acquainted?"

"I can't think of any," said Flossie, shaking her head. "But, of course, the more a person sees of a person, the more . . ."

"Oh," said Jack, with a bright smile, "then you mean that if I go on meeting you oftener and oftener there'll be some chance for me."

"That's about it," returned Flossie; and inwardly she shuddered at the thought of what her mother would say to all this.

For weeks afterward there was a certain estrangement, though they continued to come across one another as before, and their interviews, if now rarer, did not wholly cease. Jack had met, on one of the transatlantic steamers, an attractive and handsome Italian sculptor named Ruspogli, and had afterward been rather generous to him in a financial way. Ruspogli wished to establish a school of sculpture in New York, and readily recognized the value of having Jack for one of his earliest pupils. So, with true Italian cunning, he got Jack to make him a drawing, one day, of a flower-filled *jardinière*, which Jack performed execrably. Forthwith Ruspogli rolled up his eyes and waved both hands in air, and affirmed that the effort betrayed astonishing talent. Soon afterward Jack permitted himself to be enrolled among the gentleman's pupils as a modeler in clay. Great was the secret laughter when this fact transpired, but the derision it evoked did not prevent a fashionable "class" being formed, and purely on the strength of Mr. Trescott's name.

Jack was aware that Flossie had a decided knowledge of art. She herself painted very creditably in water-colors, and he had reason to thank her taste for many suggestions in the sumptuous appointments of his Navarro flat, where she had repeatedly drank tea with her mother and numerous ladies of caste and place. Perhaps he told himself that it would hugely please her to learn that he had "gone into sculpture." You saw him less on his bicycle, nowadays, less in his traps behind gallant horses, less at the windows of his clubs. When he met Flossie something made him timid about telling her the truth, and something vaguely convinced him that she had learned it.

"Admirable!" said Ruspogli to him, one afternoon, when he stood perspiring in his shirt-sleeves over a mass of clay that he had been kneading and patting for the last three weeks.

"You don't really think it good, do you?" murmured Jack.

"Good! We'll have it put into marble and call it—what shall we call it?—Oh, yes, Terpsichore, the goddess of dancing."

"Do you think," said Jack, ruminatively, "that it . . . er . . . that it *dances quite enough*? It seems to me more, somehow, as if it were . . . sort of kicking."

"I think she's wonderful for a beginner. She shows marvelous promise. I'll touch her up a little before she goes into the hands of the statuary, and they'll turn her out for you in beautiful white marble. Then you'll see what you've really done. Then you'll recognize your own extraordinary abilities."

Before Terpsichore went to the statuary Jack couldn't help feeling that Ruspogli had "touched it up" with considerable industry. However, all in all, he concluded, the statuette, such as it was, remained forlornly his own creation, and mumbled some pessimistic thing about a sow's ear and a silk purse.

"Sow's ear—silk purse!" cried Ruspogli, who had completely mastered the English idiom, notwithstanding his rather precarious accent. "Wait till you look at it in marble, against a black-velvet background, set in an alcove of your second drawing-room. I see the very spot. We'll take out that big ugly majolica jar, and we'll put the Terpsichore there, on the same porphyry pedestal, and we'll give—I mean, you will give—a series of extremely select 'afternoons,' and your most cherished friends will come and admire your delightful little masterpiece."

All of which voluble prophecy was at least apparently verified. Society drifted to Jack's rooms in decorous droves. It looked at the Statuette, and if it felt like tittering, refrained, and if it felt like laughing aloud, courteously smiled. There was Terpsichore, with one leg stiffly stuck out as though knee-joint and thigh-bone were agencies quite absent from its queer inflexibility, and arms curled over her head with an effect of their being flabby cartilage rather than flesh, muscle and bone. Signor Ruspogli's "touching up" had not produced any specially vitalizing results, and the merciless marble conspired with its merciless black background to accentuate every glaring anatomic fault.

But the flattering encomiums which Jack received, that day, were enough to dizzy a Canova. "How remarkable is your gift!" "What a brilliant beginning!" "Who would have dreamed you had it in you?" were among the mildest forms of gratulation. "You're a born sculptor!" exclaimed a certain matron with three marriageable girls. And Flossie, who had moved past the Statuette with an inscrutable face, murmured in the ear of her mother: "Do you hear that? A born sculptor. Still-born, I should say."

"Now, Flossie," began Mrs. Lambert, worriedly—

But Flossie, who had just caught Jack's proud and elated gaze, did not hear the maternal admonition which ensued.

Jack came up to her the next minute.

"You've . . . er . . . seen it?" he asked.

"Seen what?" said Flossie.

"Why, the Statuette—mine, you know."

"Yes—I saw it. . . . By the way, did you get those etchings of Birket Foster's from England? You recollect, don't you, that you'd heard of three of them being in the market there, and that I advised you (it seems like an age ago, now), to cable and secure them at almost any price?"

Jack stared at her, for a moment. Then he said: "Yes, they're over yonder. Shall we go and look at them?"

"How perfect," Flossie presently broke out. "Trees and sky and clouds and distance all done with such an airy idealism! It's the frost on the pane!—only it has more meaning!"

"I—I haven't noticed them much," said Jack, "since I got them from the other side and had them hung in this corner. I've been too . . . too busy."

"Busy with what?"

"My modeling."

"Oh. It's kept you busy, has it? What else have you done besides that horror in the next room?"

Jack whitened to his lips. "Do you mean that?"

"Of course I do," said Flossie, and she somehow held his angered eyes with her own placid ones. "The people who have been showering praises on you have told you infamous fibs.

Jack Trescott, the thing is shocking. You haven't a ray of talent—not a ray. You can hate me, if so disposed, for speaking like this, but I speak in mercy, not in cruelty."

She watched his nostrils arch and tighten—his lips tremble and then grow tense. She was sorry for him, but not greatly sorry. She thought there was something almost criminal in his having permitted vanity thus to overmaster him.

"I couldn't hate you," he said, after quite a long pause, though he had no consciousness that there had been any pause at all. "But I might very much dislike your opinions."

She smiled and briskly nodded. "Really! Oh, well, Jack, I didn't believe it of you—that's all."

"Didn't believe what?" he retorted, trying to give her a very valiant scowl.

"Why, that you'd let yourself be guyed in this absurd way. Everybody is laughing at you behind your back."

She saw, now, that he was deeply agitated. "Good heavens, Flossie, I—I've thought constantly of you while I worked. It seemed to me that you'd realize, after you came here today, my power to do something besides tool a coach and ride a wheel."

This touched Flossie. But suddenly her sense of humor was too much for her. She buried her face in her handkerchief, for a minute, and shook with laughter.

"Now," said Jack, in solemn rebuke, "you're . . . you're insulting me."

She grew serious almost instantly. "No; but you've been making an effort, it seems, to insult yourself. Frankly, Jack, the thing is quite too awful. This Italian friend of yours deserves public punishment. Oh, what a hypocrite he must be! Come, now, haven't you yourself felt, at certain times, that he might be making use of you? For I assure you that he has been—shamelessly!"

"Well, perhaps," faltered Jack. He visibly pulled himself together. "You make me feel like throwing him out of the window."

"Throw the Statuette out instead," smiled Flossie.

"By Jove, I will!" muttered Jack; and he looked as if he might keep his word.

Flossie rested her gloved hand, for a second, on his wrist. "That would be sensational—silly. . . . Here he is, by the way. Somebody presented him to me when I first came in."

Signor Ruspogli, dapper and beaming, joined Jack. "Is this young lady," he said, snapping his fine, scintillant eyes at Flossie, "predicting a great career for you?"

"This young lady," said Flossie, looking very directly indeed at the Italian, "isn't doing anything of the kind. She thinks Mr. Trescott's Statuette so entirely bad that she wonders you should be willing to let him exhibit it as the work of your pupil."

She did not speak loudly, but a group of ladies caught her words and began to giggle among themselves. Then Flossie moved quietly away, and found a girl whom she knew well and liked a good deal, and sat down with her close to the wall for a chat, as women so often do at afternoon teas. And on a sudden, while she was thus engaged, a young man-about-town came to her, almost out of breath, and excitedly said: "Oh, Miss Lambert, have you heard? Jack Trescott and his Italian chum have had a kind of quarrel together, and Jack has had a hammer brought him and has smashed his Statuette into five or six pieces, right before everybody."

Flossie started, then rose. "It was very sensible of Mr. Trescott, certainly," she said, in her demurest and most innocent way.

"Oh, Flossie," quavered Mrs. Lambert, appearing the next moment, "they say you've had something to do with Jack's queer behavior!"

"I!" said Flossie, opening her forget-me-not eyes very wide indeed. "And I've been sitting over there for ever so long, talking to Flora Van Tassell! How ridiculous! . . . Come, mamma dear, let us go right on to the Effinghams'. You know we're due there to-day."

As they were leaving by one of the side doors, Jack slipped up to Flossie's side.

"You heard what I did?" he quickly asked.

"Yes. How foolish of you! It will get into the papers, and all that."

"Let it. You're right; Ruspogli is an utter fraud. And you, Flossie, were the only one that had the courage to tell me!"

Flossie drew herself up. "I assure you, Jack, it required no courage at all."

"Well—sincerity, then! . . . Flossie!"

"Yes."

"Don't you think it needed a little courage in *me*? Before all these people, too! By George, I'd rather face a five-barred gate on a risky horse, any time! *Don't* you, Flossie?"

She put out her hand, shaking his as if in ordinary farewell, but pressing it more warmly than a mere observer could have guessed.

"Yes, I *do* think it needed courage. And I'm ever so glad you did it. And if you care to drop in on me this evening I'll tell you so more—more explicitly, Jack."

"Will you? All right. I'll come."

He kept his word, staid a little later than propriety would be apt to approve, and on his departure went down Flossie's stoop with springy steps and a gay little waltz melody bubbling from below his mustache.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XVIII.

SIR WALTER BESANT, that intrepid and panoplied foe of the English publisher, has been talking about the dearth of statues reared to the great thinkers of his native land. He does not want a statue reared in Edinburgh to the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and the number of Stevensonian haters that this decision must already have engendered will not add to the peace of our brand-new knight's future hours. He says that the folk of the Twentieth Century will probably have their own Stevensons (how he will dare, after this, to walk unarmed through Fleet Street or Paternoster Row is an enigma), and that Tennyson, George Eliot, Darwin and Huxley still want *their* memorials.

For my own part, I think one of the greatest charms in a great city is its statues of great men. "Statued and fountained Rome!" I said to myself, after I had dwelt on Tiber's banks for a week or so; but I instinctively put "statued" first. Nothing so adds to metropolitan dignity as a prevalence of good statues throughout its streets and squares. And in its parks they are almost a poignant need. What would the Gardens of the Pincio be without their innumerable marble busts? I have wandered for hours at a time among those ilex-bowered walks, everywhere haunted by the chiseled faces of dead poets, artists, historians, statesmen. There was one superbly carven head of Alfieri, the famous Italian tragic poet, near which I was never tired of lingering. It is a modern work, but the sculptor has impressed every marble lineament with majesty, beauty and sorrow. And while watching it I could not but feel how adorably companionable must a beloved open-air statue of some vanished genius grow to the reverent observer. Changeless amid the changing seasons, its very immobility would be clad by alterant surroundings with new endearments. Spring would bring pathos to its deathly calm, summer would storm its melancholy with an incongruous cheer, autumn would brood above it in elegiac fondness, winter would whirl past it with mockery of its repose.

In Central Park I know of but two busts, one of Schiller and one of "Tom" Moore, the poet, both reputable, the latter charming. Then, at wide intervals apart, there are some fairly good bronzes—the lioness with the poor, draggled peacock in her jaws, good enough to be by Barye, though probably not; the Puritan, a work of fair merit; and the Falconer, exquisite, aerial, done by some famed modern Italian. Then there is the stately academic Shakespeare of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, at the foot of the Mall; and recently made to face him in a sort of symbolic meeting, there is the fairly creditable Columbus. After that there are the nightmares of the Mall itself.

Their number is three, and their names are Walter Scott, Robert Burns and Fitz Greene Halleck. You look to find below Scott's voluminous draperies, a smoking foot-bath, for lumbago is in the bulge of his back and the painful poise of his head. With Burns the case is different; his health seems very good indeed; only, the extreme springiness of his seated post-

ure suggests a clandestine pin. These two abominations were presented to us, if I mistake not, by the City of Edinburgh itself, which might, in all mercy, have selected a more humane mode of getting rid of them. Nightmare number three is the product, I believe, of private enterprise, and also of some American sculptor—may pitying obscurity forever veil his name! It is better than Scott and his compatriot, but this is not saying that it isn't wildly bad, with its lackadaisical simper and the pomposity of its pen-lifting hand. And in any case there is no reason why a mere ordinary rhymester like Halleck—quite inferior to even his feeble contemporary, Willis—should be given a statue at all. He has never done anything to deserve one; but we now possess, in the second century of our republic, a number of men whose deserts almost cry to heaven. I live near the Park, and sometimes, during these rarely clement days of our late churlish October, I have strolled in our beautiful Mall till the low west light grew gold beyond the ebon elms. On either side of you, as you pass below the interlacing boughs, are sylvan niches, twenty, perhaps thirty, each waiting, so to speak, its statue. Will the years bring them, I ask myself, and whose will they be, and will they prove as execrable as those I have named? Are there little boys (or girls) now in bibs that will grow up and shape them, either from marble or bronze? I hope they will choose marble, if my dream turn true, for marble, though it crumbles and chips away, is somehow the kindred and consort of immortality—and does not immortality itself ultimately perish? Only the other day I said to myself, there in the crepuscular Mall, deserted of its babies and nurses and tramps and four-in-hand goats, and leaving its proud arcade to darkness and to me: "Here would I place Longfellow; there, Emerson; yonder, Hawthorne; below that arboreal archway, Holmes; below this, Lowell; a little farther on, Whittier. Then Prescott and Motley and Irving and Lincoln and Franklin and Edwin Booth"—there is room enough still beyond, for all of these. But the Genius Loci plucked me vaguely by the sleeve, as with a hand of air. "And what," he murmured, "of those that still live?" I turned and scanned his phantasmal features in the dying twilight. His question irritated me. Besides, it was my dinner-hour, and moreover, the dog held in leash by my right hand, growled his canine hostility for all ghosts. "Do you suppose I'm going to commit myself like that?" I grumbled. "The newspaper reporter takes many shapes. Perhaps you're the disembodied spirit of one—what know I?" And the Genius Loci smiled a smile of scornful defeat, and a breeze ran through the russet leafage, whispering with its rustic, mellifluous Volapük: O wise in thy generation, thou that wouldst not give thyself away!"

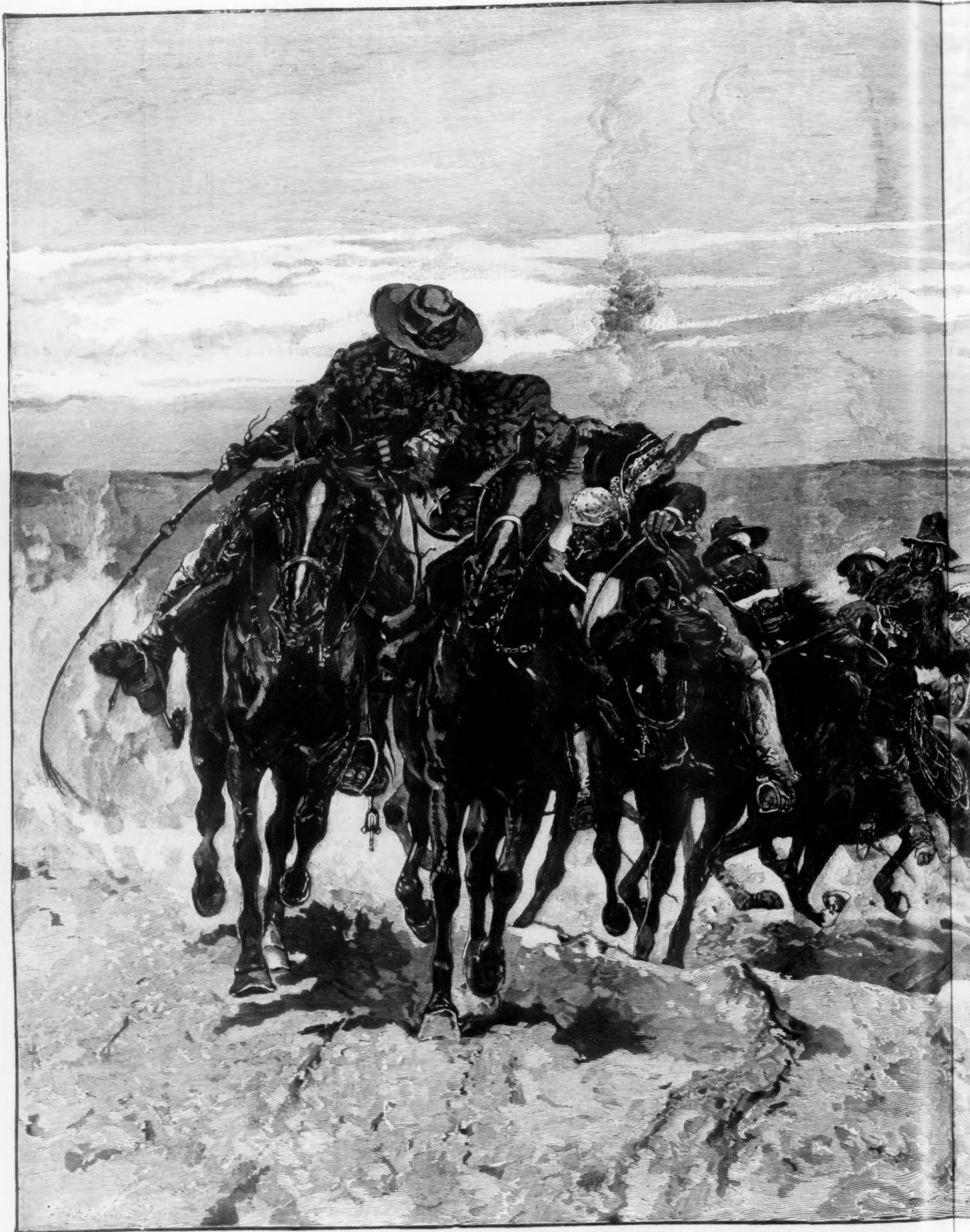
Mr. James Lane Allen, in a recent number of "The Bookman," complains that there are no gentlemen in American fiction. There certainly would not be, and there never could be, so long as American fiction is made to mean the exclusive chronicles of the vulgar and ignorant. There is no exaggeration in declaring that nowadays a novel stands no chance of critical respect unless it deals with the loves and hates and general emotions of clods and dunces. The editors of certain prominent magazines (notably Mr. H. M. Alden of "Harper's") are to blame for this dreary condition of affairs, but the public, indisputably, is chief culprit. It is one thing for editors and newspaper critics to rear false gods; it is another for the multitudes to salaam before them. A young American author positively can gain no headway whatever with the leading publishers or the leading magazines if all the characters of his proffered story speak correct English. Indeed, three quarters of them must make ducks and drakes of it. And as for the *décor de scène* being a great city like New York—bah! New York will not do at all! "Give us," cry the satraps of modern storytelling, "unwashed faces and grammatical tongues. Put your *données* in the pampas of Texas, in the prairies of Iowa, in the cañons of Colorado. Make your tragedies out of the things blackguards do to their cast-off mistresses, to their deserted wives, to their treacherous gambling cronies. Have your 'honour' an impulse blooming from the mud and slime of moral depravity. Shape your 'virtue' from

characters and temperaments that could not, by any conceivable law of hereditary culture, have possessed it. Use your best skill in describing nature as picturesque and delightful. Be careful about the beauty of your sunsets and the ugliness of your people. Write concerning the 'amethyst pallor' of an evening sky, but be sure to have it a background for the infamous syntax of 'Sam' while he makes blundering love to 'Amandy.' Recollect that education always destroys 'character.' Never deal with people whom in real life you would desire to meet or know. That is the great literary mistake of our present period. If you want to have anybody suffer from a grievous and drastic temptation, be careful that he is a Shaker or a Quaker or a Methodist parson. Have him benighted and utterly bigoted. Place him in some remote village, and surround him with a tedious and narrow populace. Let all your *dramatis personae* regard the dictionary with an equal scorn. Cultivate provincialism. Do not merely be provincial; be parochial. We desire no portrayal of any living creature who is at all intimate with a toothbrush. Persons familiar with morning baths are especially 'unavailable.' You can produce nothing 'strong'—nothing in our line of magazine acceptability—unless you concern yourself with people who are unable to conjugate the verb 'to be.' A heroine who says 'I am,' and not 'I ain't,' is less likely to enter 'Harper's,' or 'The Century,' or 'Scribner's' than if she were the proverbial rich man seeking the eye of the scriptural needle. We edit our periodicals for the entertainment of the vast West; and the vast West prefers to have itself realistically mirrored. Besides, persons whose nominatives agree with their verbs are entirely out of vogue. The reigning canons of literary taste are opposed to clean finger-nails. No amount of psychologic brilliancy in the way of presentment will excuse you for having a hero whose collar is not separable from his shirt. On purely literary grounds, we generally draw the line at *paper* collars. Still, we are not arbitrary. The celluloid, removable cuff, however, like the integrity of *The Republic*, must and shall be preserved."

Overshadowed by these august mandates, is it any wonder that Mr. James Lane Allen should assert that there are no gentlemen in American fiction? It occurs to me that the elder Hawthorne has given us a few, and that the Younger has by no means altogether presented us with cads. I don't know a more perfect gentleman, more perfectly drawn, than Mr. Corey in Mr. Howells's "Silas Lapham." It is hard to imagine a more absolute gentleman than Ralph Touchett in Mr. James's wonderful masterpiece, "The Portrait of a Lady." Has Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk given us no gentlemen in her series of quick-glancing, vivacious novels? Has Mrs. Deland created for us no gentleman? Did the late Professor Boyesen create none? Has Mr. George Parsons Lathrop shown us only vulgarians in his "Newport" and his "Echo of Passion"? Was Mr. W. H. Bishop equally unfortunate in his "House of a Merchant Prince" and his "Detmold"? Does "Julien Gordon" (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) —replete, herself, with the very essence of refinement and high breeding—waste her rare abilities in solely portraying boors? Has Mr. Edgar Saltus, usually occupied by the dramatic and terrible phases of conflicting passions, not shown himself empowered to deal with graceful deportment and unflawed suavity? . . . The truth is, our native and common-sense American literature—our American literature that does not concern itself (as in the case of the narrow, provincial, but very able Miss Wilkins) with people deplorably ignorant and unlettered—people of whom it is the fashion to say that more "human nature" exists among their "Sams" and "Jims" and "Samanthas" and "Sairy Ann" than among their pitiable opposites—literally teems with the kindest, finest and truest types of "gentlemen." If Mr. James Lane Allen would interest himself less in the splendors of literary opportunity afforded by that erudite and patrician region called Kentucky, he might realize that there are a few contemporary American writers inclined to resent his bold and somewhat tasteless skit.

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A MAIL-COACH CROSSING THE



CROSSING THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS.

YOUNG JACK FROST.

BY LALIA MITCHELL.

A jolly good fellow is young Jack Frost
With his eyes of Irish blue,
And I can't say why, but it's hard to sigh
So long as he smiles on you;
When the nights are clear and the Hunter's moon
O'er the Milky Way has crossed,
On his fairy steed over lake and mead
Rides down the young Jack Frost.

And he gallops on through the grassy plain
And kisses the forest red,
By the maples tall and the garden wall
To the purple asters' bed,
But his touch is light and you'll never see
The silvery veil he tossed,
If you lie and sleep till the sunbeams peep
On the path of young Jack Frost.

So off with the gyves you have worn so long
And out where the skies are blue,
While you yet can trace on the meadow's face
The lines that his pencil drew.
And you'll never sigh for the downy couch
Nor the hour to slumber lost,
While your eye can see upon tower and tree
The work of young Jack Frost.



UNENDING YOUTH.

In these last days of the century a great many people of imaginative and susceptible minds, and with tendencies toward the mysterious, are making themselves heard in regard to new possibilities of life and power. It is noticeable, in looking back over history, that this *fin de siècle* sort of excitement is a common phenomenon, though whether it is aroused by the almanac, or whether its existence be independent thereof, is a moot question. Certainly a good many important events have been coincident with the close of a century; such as Columbus's discovery of this large and interesting continent. Yet it is difficult to see why the world should wait for an artificial date before taking a new turn on its old hinges. Nothing is so artificial as a date; we cannot see that it would make any difference were the century to begin at that point where, now, it reaches its golden medium. There may be something stimulating to the mind in the contemplation of the end of a certain physical period, and it begins to speculate about the possible ending of certain abuses at the same time, and the inception of certain improvements; and expectation becomes in a measure the parent of reality. Or, possibly, Providence has arranged our dates for us, and finishes up one order of things and starts another as the clock strikes. There seems to be no convincing way of determining this question in accordance with the predisposition of either party to the controversy.

Meanwhile we have the fact that, just at present, our friends the astrologers and others are prophesying all manner of strange and moving accidents by flood and field, and also in the domain of things subjective. One gentleman, I read in my daily newspaper, foresees awful calamities, beginning with November 5 of this year, and continuing up to 1899; wars, floods, epidemics, murders, and disasters of all kinds, not forgetting the long-delayed translation to a better world of the present incumbent of the British throne. Other persons, who have been studying the Scriptures, say that the existing dispensation is due to terminate about 1899, and that the Lord of Heaven will then appear as foretold in Revelation, judge the quick and the dead, and begin a reign of peace and goodwill to endure one thousand years; and that while this era of felicity holds out, no one of the elect is to know death. There is to be a great battle at Armageddon, Apollyon is to be overthrown, and things generally will be altered greatly to the advantage of the survivors. Apollyon is, indeed, simply Napoleon with the "N" left off, and minor modifications of spelling.

Still other prophets have made ineffectual attempts to conclude matters terrestrial in

advance of the end of the century; indeed, the dates fixed by them have already passed, and, as nothing happened, they resolved, with a vitality of faith and an arithmetical ingenuity highly to be commended, that there must still be a prophetic page somewhere which they had forgotten to turn, or whose purport they had misunderstood. "If 'tis not now, then 'tis to come; the readiness is all."

I confess I find insuperable difficulties in the way of accepting these literal or physical interpretations of Revelation; I cannot escape the conviction that the Bible addresses the soul, and that the events it describes or foretells belong to the psychical realm exclusively. Nevertheless I am free to admit that this material world is but the symbol of the world unseen, and perhaps there is some mystic foreshadowing of what is to happen to the spirit in the record of what occurs to the body. But in any case, the spiritual occurrence is the thing that mainly concerns us, because the consequences of that alone are eternal.

More captivating to my mind are the announcements of the people who promise us enlarged powers over nature, and comprehension of her laws. I do think that we are destined, sooner or later, to have this old globe of matter practically at our disposal, and I have already intimated as much in these pages. We command it to-day much better than we did a thousand years ago, and there is no apparent reason for drawing the line limiting our advance at one stage rather than another. So when somebody tells me, for example, that we are presently to order our lives so wisely that they will continue indefinitely, and that the body, in the lapse of ages, will lose none of the beauty and vigor which it possesses, or should possess, at the age of eight-and-twenty, I am highly disposed to look hopefully into their reasons and credentials. I have never happened to come across any convincing explanation of the necessity of death, and from that to believing that death may be altogether averted during our pleasure seems no very extravagant step. Perhaps it can be averted.

If it can, what then? Is it desirable? Of course, no one wants to die; that is, a person may feel a willingness so to do as long as no particular moment is named for the event to come off. Tennyson says that what we want is not death, but more and fuller life; and, as usual, he is right. For the reason for our dissatisfaction with existence is always that we don't find it interesting enough; we don't get what we consider our fair share of the good things. Young folks in the flush of vital energy and enjoyment are not in the habit of craving extinction, except when they are inditing a love-poem; and it is but too obvious that the longing for "rest" of the lean and slumped pantaloon, or of the lady of corresponding condition, is due to their perception that, for them, the wine of life has lost its savor, and the cake become stale. If they could become actually young again, with all that that implies, they would reconsider their desire.

But, on the other hand, we have no example of everlasting youth to go by; we don't know, by practical experience, how a person would feel after a few thousand or even a few hundred years of earthly existence. Let us concede that the person in question retains unimpaired all his bodily vigor and his external good looks; the fact remains that the body is after all but the house of the spirit, and might prove to be inadequate to support the tenancy of a spirit possessing the tremendous experience and wisdom of a thousand mortal years and upward. For, when all has been said, it is still true that the physical body is an impediment to our fullest conception of what life might be. The mother feels this when she holds her infant to her bosom; she cannot express her love in terms or ways that content the yearning of her heart. Lovers feel it in their mutual embrace; they fail to reach the very core of each other's hearts, no matter how unrestrainedly they give themselves to each other. The student confesses it when he contemplates the domains of knowledge; he must proceed from one to another point of conquest with plodding footsteps; and even were his faculties indefinitely increased, the manner of their possible employment must still be the same. The statesman feels the inadequacy when he dreams of the ideal state, knowing that no degree of approximate perfection can ever equal the ever-growing conception in his soul. The poet feels it when he has

written his masterpiece, and, standing on the height to which that has lifted him, sees infinite regions of beauty and truth outstretched before him, which endless time is quite powerless to enable him to traverse and express. In short, what we truly need is not more of this good thing we call earthly life, but, after a season, a new dispensation altogether, something different not in degree merely but in kind. A moment of eternity seems, to the deeper thought, worth a million ages of time.

The reason of this is, of course, that matter is essentially not infinite, and none of the accidents proper to it are reconcilable with infinite satisfactions. Our experience here was not designed to be everlasting, but purely educational; we are beset with obstacles and hindrances, to the end that by overcoming them as best we may, we may acquire spiritual muscle to attack the profounder problems and more arduous undertakings that a spiritual mode of life has in store for us. The moment comes to all of us when the lessons which the world can teach us reach their limit in each individual case; the student is now ready to advance to the form above. So long as he stays where he is, he can never make any real progress. That is, he may enlarge his knowledge on the plane he occupies; but he cannot even guess at the enlightenment which awaits him on the plane above. As we say, it is in a fourth dimension, respecting him; it is a discrete, not a continuous, degree beyond his present conceptions. It is as if an animal should imagine that by becoming a perfect animal he would be the equal of a man. We can perceive the folly of his supposition; so can angelic spirits see the imbecility of ours. It is not merely that they know more than we; they know differently. They have access to regions of intelligence the existence of which we are incapable of conceiving. Their minds are to ours as the contents of an acorn are to the infinite oak forests which a single acorn is capable of producing. The light of their wisdom, could we see it, would seem to us thick darkness, because its excess of light would blind us. The air they breathe would strangle us, because it is life itself, and thus deadly as fire to the imitation life we enjoy and fancy to be all.

These considerations, I think, will appeal to any one who has devoted serious consideration to the matter. How much more clear and ominous, then, would they appear to a man who has had indefinitely more opportunity than we to contemplate and analyze them! How are we to avoid the conclusion that the longer a man lived, the more intolerable this life would appear to him? No matter how much more beautiful and potent earthly life became, we should only more poignantly perceive that it could be but the base shadow of what we were created to experience. We should rage against our mortal limitations as the prisoner rages against the bars which shut him out from the lovely landscape which he can glimpse through his cage. So long as our dull wits fail to apprise us of the angelic possibilities in store for us, we make shift to endure our captivity; but when enlightenment comes, patience would end. Some seer has said that Providence hides the future from us, because, did we know what it was, we should incontinently seek death in order to reach it. I apprehend he hit upon something like the truth, there.

Thus we may infer that though life may conceivably be found capable of indefinite prolongation, we are never likely to avail ourselves of the possibility. On the contrary, I should expect that the term of life would more likely be diminished, as we learned better how to live. The lesson we were put here to master will be more quickly ended as we come into fuller possession of our faculties; and when school is dismissed, what should hold us on our tiresome benches? Old age, as we now know it, may very likely disappear in a future generation, but though we may leave our bodies in fair order and faculty, we shall leave them not less but more willingly than now. Undying youth may be our portion; but endless earthly life would be a punishment which the wisdom and mercy of Providence would never inflict upon its creatures.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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THE TRAGEDY OF PETER HACKETT.

"Of course, it's not anything much just this minute," said he, "but the way I'm going to fix it, it'll be as bang up as anything on the Island—know what I mean?"

"At all events, there's room enough for you in it," said I.

He tilted over his eyes his brand-new pith helmet, bought the day before at Kingston on his way up, and cast sidelong at me a glance of mysterious significance.

"Woman in the case," he rejoined: "finest girl in the States—come on here soon as I'm fixed. Fill a bigger house than that—understand what I mean?"

"Oh, you're going to be married. I see!"

"What? Well, I should say so. Cucumbers—that's my game. Eight thousand plants to the acre; ten cents apiece, New York winter market; ten to a hill—say five: four thousand dollars an acre; crop matures in six weeks; three crops the season: twelve thousand dollars net in four months. Plant a hundred acres; allow ten per cent off for accidents; there's a million dollars clear coming in for yours truly next March—what? Takes a Down Easter to run this place—know what I mean? Oh, I'm onto 'em! You don't half know me yet."

This was true. Mr. Peter Hackett had presented himself to me for the first time in this world only an hour before, when he stalked up the steps of my veranda and informed me that he had bought the estate adjoining mine up here among the tropic hills, and that he considered the proper caper was for neighbors to be neighborly—did I know what he meant? Indeed, I had small ground to complain of coldness or dilatoriness on his part. He had arrived at noon of this day, and it was now four in the afternoon; he had investigated his place from top to bottom, and had been being neighborly with me since three o'clock. No, I did not half know him yet; but I was getting on.

On the other hand, I knew his "place" well enough. It was locally notorious as the most barren and impracticable strip of land in that part of the Island; steep piles of honeycomb limestone divided by narrow ravines descending into sink-holes. This inviting surface was covered with a growth of worthless small timber intertwined with a grisly tangle of snaky roots, dangling lianas, and knotted vines of all sorts. How Mr. Hackett was to take four thousand dollars an acre off this land in the shape of cucumbers—unless he first carted his crop thither full-grown and dumped it—I did not understand; but it was none of my business.

No doubt there was "go" in him. As he sat in the chair beside me on my veranda, with his feet on the railing, the small of his back on the seat of the chair, and the back of his long neck—which resembled that of a plucked chicken—on the top of the chair-back, I could see he was energetic. His head was small, with a sparse growth of yellowish hair; his visage lean and freckled, with small gray eyes under invisible eyebrows, a thin irregular nose, and a large mobile mouth. He was tall, and the most conspicuous parts of his figure were its hinges—as, his elbows, wrists, knees, ankles and spine; these were bony, large and protuberant, and cracked when he moved. His voice was sometimes loud and raucous, and sometimes fell without warning to an almost indistinguishable murmur, especially when he was disposed to be either confidential or arch. So much was this the case that to this day I am not perfectly sure that I have ever understood a single one either of his jokes or his confidences. With all his idiosyncrasies, Peter Hackett had the appearance of a man who would thrash around and do things; in fact, he might be roughly described as an assemblage of flails, humanized.

"You don't catch me getting beat by no tropic climates nor primeval forests, I'll give you a pointer," he went on; and as he spoke he communicated a constant vibration to his frame by jiggling his right knee (a habit which must often have brought him within measurable distance of assassination; indeed I can assert of my own personal knowledge that such is the case, little as Peter suspected it). "What this Island needs is elbow-grease, and I'm going to give it 'em—know what I mean? Now, to-morrow morning I start in to clear off my place. Most fellows would say that would run me up a bill—but look at here!" He held up one bony hand, causing each of the gaunt fingers to crack in succession as he told off his

"pointers." "First off, I want the timber cut; and number two, I want a cistern.—Hold on!—Building a cistern needs lime, don't it? Well, these hills are just solid with the stuff lime's made of—oozing with it! What do I do? I cut my timber with one hand, and I burn lime with it with the other. See the point? The clearing pays for the building. No, sir—you don't know me yet! What I take out of one pocket goes into the other twice over, I'll give you a pointer! What?"

Sure enough, Peter hired a gang of darkies and began work the next morning. The men were in excellent humor, as is generally the case with Jamaica laborers when they can labor in their own way; and the agreement between them and their employer seemed perfect. This, however, was largely due to the fact that neither party could understand a word the other said, except the words "Yessah" with which the negroes responded to any remark, question or order addressed to them by the American. The dialect of these Islanders is less intelligible than Arabic or Chinese, because, unlike these, you know it must be English, and waste your time trying to recognize words. But, said Peter, "I don't care a darn what they say; all I'm after is to have 'em do what I want." Every once in a while he would step over to see me and report progress. At first he maintained an optimistic demeanor; but gradually he began to admit that some things ran against his grain.

"I've got no use for the way these chaps keep on singing and yarning," he declared. "They work off regular part-songs on you, chorus and all, and laugh fit to bust themselves between verses. I told 'em I ain't paying for no oratorios; but they just say 'Yassah!' and keep a going. I wouldn't swap off two good paddies for this whole darned gang—give you a pointer!" And he jigged his knee energetically, pulling the while at his thin red mustache and staring gloomily at a silver tick crawling up his trouser leg.

This was on Thursday. The next day he pranced in, evidently a-brim with indignation.

"I've fired the whole bilin'!" he exclaimed, as he thumped himself down in a chair. "They didn't turn up this morning, and when I went round and routed out that beggar Smith, the foreman, he tried to play it on me that the people here don't work from Thursdays till Mondays. I asked him what sort of a sucker he took me for; and he reeled off something—I couldn't make out what—but I told him if he gave me any more of it I'd bend his face. Well, I'm quit of that lot; but there's no getting any more before Monday, and I'm hung out to dry meantime."

I tried to disabuse him of the notion that he was an exceptional sufferer from the customs of the country, and led him to less impassioned conversation concerning the approaching cistern. It appeared that this was his first experiment in such structures. But he would have attempted the Great Pyramid on a pinch.

"I'm figuring on making her hold ten thousand gallons," said he. "That's twenty-seven and a half gallons a day for me, or thirteen and three-quarters for me and my girl, when she gets around, for a year; and I guess we can keep clean on that. And that's allowing it don't rain any between Rains here. But I expect it's all stuff about its raining any different here from what it does at home—what? Yes, sir, all stuff. Just rains when it feels like it—what? These folks here try to gammon you on everything; but I've been around some—know what I mean?—and they are going to find out they can't fool me much."

In the course of the next week or so the wood for burning the lime was cut and built up in the form of a hollow, truncated pyramid, and the masses of stone heaped in and on it. Peter Hackett kept at high tension all the time, and reported progress to me daily and sometimes hourly. The new methods aroused his curiosity, but the dilatoriness nourished his spleen.

"Don't it make a fellow dead sick to see the way these fellows act?" he asked, standing in one of his favorite attitudes, legs apart and curving out behind as if his knee-joints worked both ways, hands on hips, chest hollow, shoulders rounded, and neck projected forward at its full stretch. "When was it the English discovered this place?—Columbus, was it? 1492? Well, sir, I'll be darned if they're any further ahead here now than they were then. Look at the time they've taken to fix that woodpile! If

the Pilgrim Fathers had been this sort of slouch, where'd the United States be to-day—what? How am I going to get my crops in and paid for before next March if I can't get my wood cut before next April? I should think they'd have more sense—wouldn't you?—you'd think they'd have more sense! I told that beggar Smith I must hustle and get the cistern built by July, so as to fill up on the August Rains; and now darned if I believe he'll get her up till after they're all over. It'll be just hog-luck if he does, sir—just hog-luck!"

As luck (hog or other) would have it, there was a shower on the afternoon of the very day the fire was lighted, and I thought my nervous friend would shake his leg off as he sat commenting cynically on the cussedness of men and things Jamaican.

"A fellow needs to live about five thousand years in this place before he gets up to where a New Yorker is in six months," he affirmed. "If I'd known how things were, you wouldn't have caught me down here, I'll give you a pointer! Just break my girl's heart, this sort of tommymot will—just break her heart! She's a hummer from way back, do you know that?—a hummer from way back!" he repeated, emphasizing the assertion by fetching down his feet from the railing, righting his chair with a thump, and prodding my knee with three unyielding fingers of his right hand. "Showed you her photo, didn't I? What?—never did?" He thrust his hand in his breast-pocket, and pulled out a handful of promiscuous papers, which he ran over as a whist-player sorts his hand; finally, as it were, selecting the card he wanted and playing it at me with the air of one who is certain of his trick. It was a cabinet size picture of himself clamped together in an ornate photograph-studio chair; and, standing a little behind him on his right, was a young woman whose smart, self-confident, shop-girl prettiness made me shudder. Pity is akin to love, and I liked poor Peter better from the moment that I set eyes on this likeness of his intended. Her left hand rested on his shoulder, but she was so obviously ogling the photographer over her future husband's head that I marveled at the intuitions of the grand passion had not warned him of it.

"A hummer from way back!" he murmured again, as I handed the thing back to him, with some semi-articulate and wholly false formula of compliment. After a pause, he began to speak in a strain for which I was unprepared, and which I do not think it right to reproduce here. He was an impulsive and affectionate creature, and this absurd girl had captured his ingenuous heart to the uttermost atom. The things he now said were silly and laughable enough, but I felt like neither laughing nor scoffing at him; the mumbled and awkward sentences that he jerked out of himself were, so far as they were intelligible to me at all, of a touchingly honest and manly stamp. He loved her, he trusted her, he honored her, and he was spending body and substance in the effort to make this home for her in the Tropics. And here cropped out another unexpected vein—of crude, grotesque, extravagant but sincere romance. He had picked up, here and there through life, odds and ends of notions respecting the beauty and luxuriance of the warm and sunny regions of the earth: a line from Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters," perhaps; a sentence from Melville's "Omoo"; a reminiscence of some buccaneering yarn of the Spanish Main, or the gist of a passage in "Robinson Crusoe." These and the like had lain inert in his memory until the time came when his whole nature was made a tropic region by his passion; and then they burst into bloom and luxuriance, and were wrought by his raw-boned and stiff-jointed imagination into some dream of the

"Sweet little Isle of our own,
In the blue summer ocean, far off and alone," which so many lovers before him have made the scene of their anticipated happiness. Blanche (such was the delightful name of his betrothed) had listened to his tale, and had stamped it with her august approval: "Why, I just think that would be real downright nice, Pete—I do, honor-bright!" And then two or three startling Providential dispensations had taken place, enabling him to turn the fairy dream into matter-of-fact reality—at least so far as coming down here was concerned, with two or three thousand dollars in his pocket, to build the Bower of Bliss and the Castle of Indolence for his beloved, and to lead her thither

in a shower of gold, and enthroned her, I suppose, upon a hill of cucumbers. So here the poor fellow was; and my heart bled for him, and the vial of my best cognac was uncorked, so little of which goes a long way. He drank to her, of course; I appeared to join him, but in truth I quaffed to her confusion and his disenchantment.

I must not yield to the temptation to review in detail the progress of the cistern to completion. Peter, unlike Julius Caesar, could not carry all the world in his head at the same moment; and the million dollars clear that he was to derive from the sale of cucumbers before next March was forgotten in the absorbing interest of this preliminary enterprise. The art of building is, in Jamaica, complicated by local peculiarities. The force of tradition is strong, and the native laborer opposes his *vis inertiae* to any attempt to do things in ways other than the old accustomed ones. Mortar must be mixed with the same red earth that grows the yams, and mixed in a fashion that would give our most hardened Buddenseick the nightmare. The plumb-line and the level are scientific frivolities, to be held in suspicion and contempt. The ancestor of the Jamaican architect is the mud-hut builder of the Dark Continent, and traces of heredity are not hard to detect.

"Stands to reason," Peter exclaimed, with an expression of face as of one who inhales an indefensible odor, and a gesture of the upturned palm as if revealing an object too iniquitous to be beheld, "that a tank of water seven feet across inside don't need a wall three feet thick to hold it in!" He emitted a snort of contempt and added, "That beggar Smith would run me up a wall big enough to hold in Croton Reservoir, if I wasn't onto him—do you know that? I told him he didn't know the difference between water and gunpowder. Great Scott! a wall like that would hold a stiffer rum-punch than that fellow Rip Van Winkle ever durst put into his face—what? They make me tired—know what I mean?—they make me tired!"

But this was before he had seen the materials for the structure assembled. Later, he shifted his ground.

"That beggar Smith gets me! he gets me in the neck every trip! He's trying to bully it into me that hasty-pudding is the right stuff to make retaining walls with—I give you my word! Wall?—I can run my arm through it up to the shoulder! I asked him whether he made his water pitchers out of pound-cake?—It gets me in the neck. But I'm kicking—know what I mean? Yes, sir. That wall is going to be built the way I want it, or I'll just shuck off my coat and build it myself!"

The building of the Pyramids and the building of Peter Hackett's tank differed chiefly in this: that in the former case the laborers were the sufferers, in the latter, the projector. Peter grew visibly more pale and haggard as the weeks went by. During the hours while the men were playing with their red mud and their chipped limestone, he was never absent, glowering, arguing, perspiring, snorting, denouncing, despairing. After they had gone, he lingered still, estimating, figuring, pondering, misdoubting, hoping against hope. "Here lies buried the Soul of the Licentiate," read Gil Blas on the wayside stone. Not less surely was the soul of Peter built into the substance of that tank. He loved it, he hated it, he ate, drank and slept it, in the midnight watches it was portrayed before him on the canvas of the dark, in the relaxation of social intercourse its wraith would suddenly arise, a blood-boltered Banquo of masonry, and darken his genial humor. In a word, he flung himself heart and mind into this one work, as did Beckford into his Vathek, or Quintus Curtius into the Pit, and forgot his cucumbers, his wealth, his everything—except Blanche! Of that direful tank she was the sole successful rival. His anathemas against the one were alternated in my sympathetic ears with his dithyrambs about the other. The tank absorbed all his energies, but it was for Blanche's sake that they were put forth.

The tank was done at last, and coated with a skin of cement warranted waterproof. To do Peter justice, it was by far the finest architectural achievement that that beggar Smith and his gang had ever produced. Its walls had a really vertical and horizontal aspect, and the cement made them appear of vast solidity. The tank projected from the eastern wall of the house, just below the window of the room which Peter had chosen to sleep in. When the Rains

should have filled it up, he would be able, sitting in his chair, to dabble his hand in the water. Meanwhile, he spent much of his time at this window, admiring the internal capacity of his new creation, and figuring how long it would take to fill it given such and such an extent of roof, and so many inches rainfall. He had bought I know not how many sections of zinc gutter-pipe, and hung them under the eaves with incredible pains and zeal, by means of copper wire; and he entered into further calculations as whether the slope at which they were fixed was sufficient to enable them to discharge the whole torrent of a tropic deluge, or whether some of it would not escape over the edges by the way. Rising from these studies, he would stalk forth and contemplate the edifice from without, posing himself in slab-sided attitudes possible only to one of his build, and tilting his hat at different angles to harmonize with his mood of mind at different moments. At these times he commonly held in the extreme corner of his mouth a short brier-wood pipe, which he contrived to use (when I was with him) as the medium of his gesticulation. The change from the right to the left corner of the mouth, the removal to expectorate, the expository or indicative wave in the air, the punching down of the insurgent tobacco with the top of his middle finger, the knocking out of the ashes when the smoke was done—all these and a score more of movements had their meaning to color and frame his vocal discourse. Indeed, with his hat and his pipe he could express most things that he needed to express, and words were but the ornament and detail of this more primitive and concrete speech.

As the season for the Rains drew near, we entered upon a new era of excitement. It did not rain on the appointed day, and Peter at once formed a theory that it would not rain at all that year. Finally a brief shower came, but most of it was absorbed by the dry shingles of the roof before finding its way into the zinc gutters; and Peter declared that the tank was too big for the Island, and that there wasn't rain enough between the tropics to fill her. Next, a heavy downpour came, lasting barely an hour, but putting several inches of water into the tank. Peter could not control his enthusiasm; never till now had gutters worked like these; never yet had tank displayed such alacrity in being filled; never had roof of equal area caught so much water before. A rainless week followed, and Peter shook his fist and cocked his hat at the blue sky; once more the rain came down, and he unfolded and expatiated like the green herb. In short, what with one thing and another, we had no peace until the memorable day when the tank was actually full; and then I began to fear lest the reaction from satisfied anticipation should turn my friend's attention too pointedly to the unwelcome truth that his cucumbers were no nearer realization than on the day of his first landing on the Island.

But it so happened that I rode down to the neighboring town that afternoon to get my mail, and, at Peter's request, I asked for letters for him also. I suspected that he had not heard from Blanche quite so often as he might, though I had reason to believe that he had written to her by every steamer. So it was with pleasure that I received from the postmaster an envelope bearing the postmark of the New England town in which I knew that the object of Peter's adoration lived. He was leaning over his gate as I rode by; and, as I handed the letter to him, I invited him to come up and dine with me that evening at seven o'clock.

Seven o'clock came, but no Peter. I waited ten minutes—fifteen—thirty; and then sat down without him. I supposed that some unforeseen event had prevented him; but I felt no anxiety, for I could imagine no cause for any. No explanation arrived that evening, and the next morning I went round to see what was the matter. Meanwhile, this is what had happened:

The letter was not from Blanche, but from Peter's sister, and informed him that his lady-love had proved faithless, and had actually married another man. Peter had believed in his girl, as he had loved her, with his whole heart and soul. This news destroyed his belief in and love for the world. The revelation of her perfidy showed him also that his whole enterprise had been a folly, and was a failure. All the ties that held him to life parted at once. Then an idea came to him, and he carried it out.

In the basement of his house was a pile of old iron, which had originally served as parts of a sugar-making machine. Peter lugged some of the heaviest of these up to his bedroom, and fastened them securely to his legs. It was by this time dark night. He dragged himself to the window, and looked out into the tank.

All within was in deep shadow. Not a ripple disturbed the surface. There was a depth of seven feet. Without hesitation, Peter clambered to the window-sill, poised himself there a moment, and then plunged forward. Poor Peter! The only achievement in which he could be said to have succeeded had furnished him with the means of self-extinction.

It was about nine o'clock when I walked round to hunt Peter up and call him to account. Not finding him in the house, I naturally strolled to the east end, where we had so often stood together watching the tank. There it was; but at a second glance a cry of emotion broke from me. A part of the wall, overcome by the pressure of the water, or dissolved by an unsuspected crevice through the cement covering, had given way, and lay in a heap on the ground. All the water had of course escaped. I looked through the breach, and behold! there sat Peter—sinful, unhappy Peter—on the wet floor of the structure, with a hundred weight of old iron fast to his shanks, and one leg broken. He was still jiggling the other knee, however; and when he met my eye he gave a shamefaced grin, like a boy caught with his fingers in the jam-pot. Here he had sat, unable to help himself, through the long watches of the night—time and to spare to repent of the rash impulse which, prompting him to launch himself into eternity, had by the mercy of Providence resulted in his precipitating himself through eight feet of space into an empty tank.

I ministered unto Peter, and he told me his tale. There was a fine opening for a moral rebuke, but I forebore to improve it, for I thought the broken bone and twelve hours in the tank were rebuke enough. But I told him that George Wither had written a poem that fitted his case, though it had been in print some two and a half centuries before this mishap occurred; and at his request I repeated a verse or two of it. He listened, and nodded approvingly.

"George's head was level," he observed. "In future, I'd read before I jump—know what I mean? 'What care I how fair she be!—George was dead right. Oh, there's plenty of morals to this thing—they're just sticking out all over it. If that beggar Smith hadn't made his walls of pudding, I should never have lived to know what a fool I was. I thought he was playing a low-down game on me, but I see now that he was saving my life. The best things that can happen to a fellow are misfortunes—if they don't go too far! What? Yes, sir. Well—eight feet was enough for me, and don't you forget it!'

From this point, Peter's luck took a turn. A man turned up who was looking out for good coffee-growing land, and he bought Peter's estate at the price Peter gave for it, enabling the latter to return to the States with a pocket little lighter than when he set out. He has written me that he has got an excellent position as partner in a prosperous soap-making concern. He adds that he limps a little, and always expects to; and that he is a confirmed old bachelor. "If ever I feel like starting after a girl, that leg of mine brings me up—know what I mean?"

But hearts heal better than bones, and I should be sorry to believe that my friend Peter was to be debarred from knowing the felicity of a true marriage merely because he was fortunate enough to avoid a bad one. The time will come when he will trot his children on his knee—and thereby consecrate to usefulness that nervous affection which was the only serious fault I ever found in him:—know what I mean?

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CALIFORNIA.

Of course you expect to go there this winter. Let me whisper something in your ear. Be sure that the return portion of your ticket reads via the Shasta-Northern Pacific Route.

There you will see the grand mountain scenery in the United States, including Mt. Hood and Mt. Rainier, each more than 14,000 feet high. You will also be privileged to make side trips into the Kootenai country, where such wonderful new gold discoveries have been made, and to Yellowstone Park, the wonderland not only of the United States, but of the world. Close railroad connections made in Union Station, Portland, for Puget Sound cities and the East via Northern Pacific.

Send six cents for a finely illustrated book, "Wonderland '96," to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.



OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NAVAL WARFARE OF THE FUTURE.

THE HOLLAND SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT.

Innumerable plans for submarine boats have been submitted to the naval authorities of the world, many of which have been considered worthy of practical test, but almost all either went to the bottom or floated on the surface. Some there were which could be submerged and maintained in equilibrium for a short time, but either through some mechanical defect or disregard of the laws of nature, were found useless from a practical standpoint.

However, some years ago Mr. John P. Holland submitted plans to our Navy Department for a submarine torpedo boat, to be built on an ingenious and original system. A board was appointed to investigate; and as the inventor produced the most uncontested proof that his scheme was feasible—inasmuch as he demonstrated its practicability by successfully making trips in a small experimental boat—recommended that his proposition be accepted and that the boat be built according to his designs. This report was confirmed, and the government authorized the construction of the craft, which is now nearing completion at Wilmington, Del. The shape of the hull proper is that of a cigar, on which is built a low armored superstructure pointed at both ends.

It will be eighty feet long, eleven feet in diameter, and constructed entirely of steel. It is to be submerged and held in equilibrium by trimming tanks, horizontal rudders, and a propeller operating horizontally in a well at the bow between the torpedo ejective tubes. By these means the boat can be navigated on planes parallel to the surface of the water and at four conditions of submersion: viz., cruising, awash, covered, and submerged. The motive power while "cruising" and "awash" will be furnished by two sets of triple expansion engines, which will have three functions to perform. In addition to turning the propellers they will charge the storage batteries, of which there are six hundred and twenty, with electricity and drive the air compressors. When it is thought advisable in the face of an enemy to get under water or dive, the steam engines are replaced by the electric motors. The air is kept pure by a constant circulation drawn from the compressor tanks, the capacity of which are thirty cubic feet, and will stand a pressure of over two thousand pounds per square inch. Her offensive equipment will consist of five torpedoes which are to be ejected from two tubes in her bow. (See first page.)

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUDAN.

The complete pacification of the Soudan seems now to be assured, and the press of Great Britain is loud in its commendation of the manner in which Sir Herbert Kitchener has brought about this good result. The railway from Wady Halfa, which has reached a point considerably beyond Kosheh, is advancing at the rate of about one thousand yards daily, and trade with Dongola has already commenced. The Dervish raids have been completely stopped, some four hundred and fifty miles of the Nile valley have been added to Egyptian territory, and the province of Dongola has been relieved from the barbarous rule of the savage and fanatical Baggaras. The shock given to the Khalifa's power by the loss of the Dongola province has shaken his authority to the very foundations. Hardly a week has passed since the hurried retreat of the Dervishes, without some tribe throwing off their cruel yoke; and so rapidly has this rebellion extended that the Khalifa can no longer count upon support north of Berber. Sheikh after sheikh has come over to Egypt, and although these chiefs are not much to be trusted, they would not have dared to even hold parley with the Khedive's commanders did they not believe in the impotence of the tyrant of Omdurman. Even the Baggaras, the great warlike clan whose faithfulness to the Khalifa has always been exemplary, seem to be half disposed to worship the rising sun.

LONDON'S NEW BISHOP.

The Scriptural invitation mentioned in the Gospel, "Friend, come up higher," has been addressed by the appointing power to Dr. Mandell Creighton, the present Bishop of Peterborough, who has just been promoted to the See of London, made vacant by the recent elevation of Dr. Temple to the Primatial See of England—the Archbishopric of Canterbury. While the transfer of Dr. Creighton to the Metropolitan See meets with universal approval, there is a feeling of regret among men of learning that the transference of the learned Bishop to busy scenes and to a wider sphere of duty, will have a tendency to interfere with the historical labors which have made his name famous in the world of letters throughout Europe.

Dr. Creighton is the son of Mr. Robert Creighton, of Carlisle, and was born in 1843. He received his preliminary education at Durham Grammar School, and in 1862 won a scholarship at Merton College, Oxford. On taking his degree in 1866, he was elected a Fellow of Merton, and was for seven years tutor of the college. In 1873 he was ordained to the Ministry and in the following year accepted the living of Embleton, in Northumberland, where he remained for ten years.

Dr. Creighton married, in 1872, the daughter of Mr. Robert Von Glehn, a Russian merchant of Sydenham, and to this fact is credited his warm sympathy with the Greek Church.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The recent election of Mr. Edward John Poynter, R.A., to the Presidency of the Royal Academy, in succession to the late Sir John Millais, is an event in London art circles worthy of note. Mr. Poynter, who is now in

NO CHANGE OF CARS

of any class between points on West Shore and Nickel Plate Roads. Trains run solid between New York and Chicago. Elegant day coaches, Wagner Buffet Sleeping Cars and Superb Dining Cars on the Nickel Plate Road. The short line to Erie, Cleveland, Ft. Wayne and Chicago. Low rates, fast time, unequalled service. Ask your ticket agents, and be sure your tickets read via Nickel Plate Road.

his sixty-first year, is the son of Mr. Ambrose Poynter, a well known architect and grandson of Mr. Thomas Banks, R.A., an eminent sculptor of the last century. He was born in Paris in March, 1836, but at a very early age was taken to London, where, after completing his education at Westminster School and Ipswich Grammar School, at the age of eighteen he commenced his art studies. In 1856, after two years' study in English art schools, he returned to Paris and became a student of Gleyre for three years, from 1856 to 1859, returning to London in 1860, where he has since lived. In 1869 he was elected an A.R.A.

A JACKAL HUNT IN INDIA.

Travelers, it is said, see queer things, but nothing could be more strange than the subject of our illustration. The spectacle of a jackal hunt, the principal hunter being a tame boar ridden by a monkey, with the usual agglomeration of dogs of all degree—greyhounds, foxhounds, terriers, beagles, and the ordinary village dog—would seem an exaggeration if it were not a reality. It was at an indigo factory near Purneah, in India, where this strange scene presented itself and where its presentation is a regular daily occurrence.

MR. WILLARD ARRIVES.

Mr. Edward S. Willard, the English actor, has lately arrived in this country and has begun an engagement in Boston, prefatory to an extended tour. Mr. Willard has become such a prime favorite here that his arrival seems not like the advent of a stranger, but rather the home-coming of an old and valued friend. Since he took us by storm a few years ago by his pathetic presentation of the old potter in "The Middleman," his vogue has grown and his circle of friends and admirers has extended until now he is as well and favorably known as any of the familiar figures of our own stage. And it is by sheer hard work and earnest endeavor that he has made his way into the hearts of our people; for Mr. Willard did not come to us with any false claims on our attention, he captured us by his perfect art and his attractive personality, and his place in our regard was assured. In that place he has during the intervening years securely entrenched himself. He is an actor of the very first order, combining with a fine artistic sense, and that skill born of long experience and careful training, a remarkable degree of personal magnetism without which no actor ever yet became truly great. To those whose memory carries them back to the time of Booth, Davenport, Bangs, and others of their period, Mr. Willard conveys more than a suggestion of that earlier day, rich as it was in talent of the highest order. He is their legitimate successor. We heartily wish him a successful tour, and the wish, we feel sure, will be echoed by all who know him either as a player or as a man. That it will be an artistic triumph there can be no question.

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

ST. PETERSBURG is still elated over the reception given in Paris to the Czar and Czarina. For a whole week the people of St. Petersburg and Moscow, every evening at the different theaters, asked for the "Marseillaise," which was splendidly performed by full orchestras. The police received orders to allow the French National Hymn to be played alternately with the Russian National Anthem. Both were frantically applauded. The most aristocratic members of Russian society called at the French embassy, St. Petersburg, to offer their congratulations to the Charge d'affaires, M. de Nauvion.

Madagascar seems likely to prove a white elephant to the French nation. An official telegram from Tananarive, capital of the island, announces that the Minister of the Interior and Prince Ratsimanga were executed at Tananarive. They were found guilty of being accomplices in the late revolt. The President of the Council has sent in his resignation.

In the south of France tempests and inundations have been experienced lately on a vast scale. The waters of the Rhone overflowed and the towns of Roquemaure, Beaucaire and Vallabregues were inundated. The ancient amphitheaters and the casino are covered with water. The inhabitants of Vallabregues are obliged for the present to live in the upper floors of their houses. Great anxiety reigns at Avignon; the lower parts of the city are inundated. The valleys of the Saône and Ardèche are submerged by torrential rains. The lower quarters of Lyons are also inundated and several houses were swept away.

The Danish Government is expending enormous sums of money in fortifications round Copenhagen. It is said these works have been commenced, conformably to a secret agreement between France, Russia and England. Russia guarantees the integrity of Denmark, and if the occasion presented itself, would aid in the restoration of Schleswig-Holstein to the kingdom of Denmark.

Prince Bismarck has until now been credited with the authorship of the May Laws of 1873, also known as the "Kultarkampf," but the Prince has published a letter in a German paper disclaiming all responsibility in the matter and calling on Dr. Falk to acknowledge himself as their author. This the doctor has done in a letter to the Westphalian "Gazette."

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has decorated the Duc d'Orléans with the Order of the Golden Fleece.

The currency question in Russia is to be presented very soon to the State Council. The Czar has decided on introducing a new gold coinage to correspond exactly with the present value of the silver and paper rouble. The Russian officials are paid partly in gold, silver and paper.

Guy Fawkes Day, on the 5th of November, was observed with the usual mimic explosions after dark.

Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, has thrown open the doors of Archbishop's House, Carlisle Place, Westminster, for the session of the Historical Research Society. The members and lecturers meet in the lecture hall at 8 P.M. the first Monday of every month. Standing room is often impossible within the vast hall which is the library at Archbishop's House. All creeds and classes are fully represented.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

"THE early worm catches the bird on toast," said Mr. Willie Biningar on Monday of last week at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season, and if you could have seen the young chaps worming in and out of the boxes you would have appreciated not alone the wit but the force of the remark. For it is on such a night as that that buds and debutantes, dowagers and young matrons begin to consider whom they won't ask to dinner and whom they will. It is then that the young chaps and the old ones, too, begin to lay in their stock of winter invitations.

One was there. No, not quite that. That assassin Death kept a few of the F. F.'s away. But barring those that were in mourning, New York turned out in force; Harlem, too, Brooklyn as well. People came from the outlying suburbs not to hear the opera but to see the swells.

They were well worth it. At the opera in London and in Vienna there is more splendor. In Paris there is a house with which none can compare. But New York has the prettiest women in the world, the best dressed, too, the most nonsensical, the most impudent, yet the prettiest, and they were all on view that night and represented what a Frenchman would call the select scratching of the high gum, the top of the basket, the cream of the upper four, of the under four, all fours, all that little world which thrives within the big world of New York.

The performance was mediocre. The chorus was poor, the orchestra should have been much better, the scenery was old, the music hackneyed, and Melba and De Reszke did little more than walk through their parts. But nobody cared a rap. It was not for the opera people came. It was to see, to be seen, and incidentally to get their names in the papers. That is what we call high art.

Colonel Mapleson's season at the Academy of Music is at an end. He has gone to Philadelphia, and from there will make the usual bee line to San Francisco. In the spring he is to return here, but not to the Academy. He did his best. He provided a tiptop orchestra, a resonant chorus, brand new scenery, charming costumes, an assortment of excellent singers, a prime musical novelty, but people simply would not go. The house, spacious and charming and acoustically superior to the Metropolitan, is out of the way, out of fashion, out of date. On the night when "Andrea Chenier" was given, not only for the first time in this country but for the first time out of Milan, a young gentleman confided to me his belief that he was the only one in the house that had paid.

And yet if you happen to be fond of music, of good music, that is, of modern music, of the latest and best school, there was an opera which it was worth a journey to hear. I heard a lady complain that there was only one tune in it. But we don't go in for tunes nowadays; Wagner changed all that. The day of melody as such is done. It is harmony people look for; tonalities and orchestral effects. In that opera there was a banquet of them. The basis of the score is in *ut naturel*, a key pregnant with passion. In the second and third acts it drips, in the fourth there is a deluge of it. In that act the hero and heroine are on their way to the scaffold. They sing a duo which for sheer beauty excels anything in "Siegfried," and which, in its throbbing splendor, sounds more like a hymn to love than a farewell to life.

The tune of which the lady spoke occurs in the first act. If you ever hear it, it will haunt you as long as you live. There is in it a swooning measure, as sweet and as plaintive as any angel in exile could compose. It charmed the house.

Theatrically the novelty of the week has been the appearance of the Cherry Sisters at the Olympia—five country girls raised on a farm near Marion, Ia., who provide an entertainment consisting of songs of their own composition, essays of their own writing, dancing of their own invention, tableaux of their own construction, and an accent such as only Iowa could produce.

They are so bad that it is wonderful to see them, for you keep wondering why you did. During their public career, besides much notoriety and stray cabbages, they have acquired a farm, a diamond necklace, which they take turns in wearing, and a whole trunkful of the triumphs of Iowa modistes.

That has been the novelty of the week, so you may judge what there is in store.

EDGAR SALTUS.

SEÑOR ANDRADE.

Senor José Andrade was born in Merida, Venezuela, about fifty-four years ago. With his appointment to the post of First Secretary of State of the State of Zulia, one of the States composing the Venezuelan Confederacy, he made his entrance into public life. In 1884 he was chosen representative from Zulia to the National Congress of Venezuela, and was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. When the Venezuelan Gclaim Commission (organized for the settlement of the claims set up against the South-American republic by the French nation) was authorized to sit in Washington, Senor Andrade was designated as the representative of Venezuela. Upon President Crespo's coming into office, as a result of the revolution of 1893, Senor Andrade was sent by the State of Zulia to represent it in the National Constitutional Convention at Caracas. Later in the same year he was dispatched to the United States as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Venezuela. In the discharge of his duties at Washington he has shown himself to be a diplomatist of remarkable discretion and sagacity. He has now returned temporarily to Caracas for the purpose of securing the adhesion of the Venezuelan Government to the agreement between our State Department and the British Foreign Office for submitting the British Guiana boundary question to arbitration.

HOME-SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern states both on its own line and elsewhere at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

FACTS OF A WEEK.

MUCH of the news of the past week, both at home and abroad, is deserving of permanent record, as showing the trend of current development in the affairs of men and governments. The Radicals in the German Reichstag openly jeered at the Emperor's claims as a personal ruler. Herr Bebel, Social Democrat, declared that the recent utterances of His Majesty bordered on madness and were calculated to strain the allegiance of the people. All the official papers, in Berlin as well as in Vienna, are trying to weaken the effect of Prince Bismarck's revelations about the secret Russo-German treaty of 1884, by assuring themselves and the world that those revelations will serve to strengthen the Triple Alliance, owing to the straightforward "explanation" of the affair on the part of the present German Ministry.

The trouble between Brazil and Italy, growing out of the part taken by Italian colonies in the Rio Grande do Sul uprising, has not yet been settled. The report that a solution had been found was denied by the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs; the attitude of Italy is still rather threatening and may develop into a serious international complication.

A plan is reported whereby the Turkish Empire is to be placed under European control, an Englishman to be Minister of Finance, a Russian officer Minister of War, and a Frenchman Minister of the Interior. The Porte has agreed, on demand of the Embassies of the Christian Powers, that all judgments of the supreme tribunal be revised. The Sultan has sanctioned the lay religious councils elected by the Armenian Assembly, and Mgr. Maghaki, the popular Armenian nominee for the place, was elected Patriarch of Constantinople.

The National Union of Conservative Associations has passed resolutions favoring a commercial federation between Great Britain and her colonies, the restriction of foreign pauper immigration, a national reserve of ten million quarters of wheat and a duty of one shilling a quarter on foreign corn.

The Spanish popular war loan has proved a success, but news is anxiously awaited from Weyler, who is making a desperate effort to crush the army of Maceo in the hills of Cuba. On the success or failure of that effort depends not only the future course of Spain with reference to the island but also the action of President Cleveland and the coming Congress in the matter of intervention. Highly important news from Cuba is hourly expected as the WEEKLY goes to press.

* * *

Among the important events of the week at home was the annual dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce, November 17. The prevailing sentiment among the distinguished public men and business men present was that the recent alliance between the Republicans and the Administration Democrats was to continue. Hon. Bourke Cockran was loudly applauded when he proposed that Democrats should stand by the McKinley Administration in its efforts to raise revenue for the support of the Government, and that Democrats should allow the majority of the new combination to fix the policy of a measure for that purpose. The meeting was an unmistakable reply to the propaganda announced by the Silver Party, beginning now in preparation for 1900. The first regular speech on the occasion was by Postmaster-General Wilson, who contended that our financial and monetary system as a whole is a makeshift and a concession to mistaken ideas, and that a more durable and scientific system is imperatively demanded.

Though in some respects a personal matter only, the retirement of Captain Alfred T. Mahan of the Navy at his own request, November 17, was a cause for national astonishment amounting almost to a sensation. He was available for voluntary retirement September 30, 1895, on captain's pay; and if he had waited a few months he would have been made commodore and could then have retired with increased pay. Captain Mahan entered the Navy in the class of 1855. He is known the world over as one of the greatest naval writers of this or any other age. His book, "Influence of Sea Power on

History," was well received in England, owing to its friendly tone toward that country and to its general excellence as a standard authority on naval affairs. The retiring commander will devote his time, it is understood, to his many literary engagements; but he will always be subject to duty in case of war. Captain Mahan was born in New York, was the founder of the United States Naval War College at Newport, and served through the Civil War with distinction.

A dispatch from Spokane, Wash., says that Frank Fox has returned to that city from Alaska, where he has spent the last summer in mining. He reports an imposition being practiced upon American miners by England in that country, which he thinks this Government should take steps to put a stop to. A large number of Americans went into the rich placer fields about fifteen miles on the American side of the British boundary line this summer and went to mining. They were not there long before the British authorities came in and compelled every American to pay a toll tax of three dollars and a miner's license of fifteen dollars a year. Many protested against paying a tax to England for mining on American soil, but the British officers were obdurate, and compelled the payment, claiming the territory was embraced in the British possessions. It is the disputed boundary line that is the cause of the trouble. A large number of miners who have been unable to pay the taxes imposed have been compelled to leave the district, being driven out by the British officers.

The latest marvel of science is claimed for Thomas A. Edison, experimenting with the X-ray. The discovery is told by himself as follows, November 18: "A few nights ago, after working for a long time before an X-ray bulb, my eyes pained me severely. I closed my eyes wearily, covering them with my left hand. I saw the bones of my hand with my eyes shut, and when I passed my right hand across I saw the bones of that through my closed lids and the bones of the left hand. That gave me the idea of making the blind see. I could go out in the bright glare of noonday and see nothing, but the bulb converted my two hands into a perfect fluoroscope. I have been working on the eye from the standpoint of the Roentgen ray. While I know nothing of the eye from a surgical standpoint, I have found out that darkness intensifies the power to see. I have discovered by mathematical deductions that staying in an absolutely dark room for thirty minutes increases the sensitiveness of the eye twenty-five-fold. I find it so in the use of the fluoroscope, and it will soon be recognized by all scientists. This was the start, and the idea came to me that the eyes of the blind must be many hundreds of times more sensitive than those of the normal, provided the optic nerve is in a healthy state. Here the discovery hinges. If the optic nerve is all right—no matter what the condition of the outer eye may be—there should be hope of sight, from a scientific standpoint. The experiments of last Monday night were not satisfactory. I might go on for four months without striking the exact vibration of sight, and at the end discover it in a second. What I shall do is another matter. Jacob Mahrbacher and Otto Kallensee were not the right kind of subjects. I want a thoroughly intelligent man—one who can explain his sensations to me as I go along; for without knowing these I am as much in the dark as himself. These men could not tell me what they saw. They were hysterical with delight at being able to see anything, and were sure they would soon be able to read fine print by candlelight. All I know is what they could tell me, and that wasn't much. They said they saw points of fire dance before their eyes when the current was on, and were in Egyptian darkness when it was off."

There are twelve thousand school children on the streets of New York, owing to lack of school accommodation. And yet bonds to the amount of \$6,500,000 are available for new schools in the city. The authorities give out the statement that it takes two years or more to build a school in the Metropolis after the Board of Education has secured the sanction of the Legislature for the issue of bonds. In the meantime there is talk of using the armories, and an occasional offer is made to the Board to lease parts of private and religious schools for the use of the city. An idea of the red-tape involved in getting one new school building may be gathered from a recent interview with W. C. Haskell, the Deputy Superintendent of Buildings in the Board of Education. He said: "We cannot begin the drawing of plans for any school before the site has been acquired. We are much cramped for room, and cannot employ extra draughtsmen in a rush. The work on plans for a new school requires about three months. When the plans are completed it may take any length of time to have them approved by the Controller, the Board of Education and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment before the

bonds can be advertised for sale. The letting of contracts for the construction of the buildings also consumes considerable time. The contractors are expected to finish a building within nine months; but they may require more time if there are delays in paying them for portions of work done as the work of construction proceeds."

J. F. Shelly, an American citizen who has been running a plantation near Pinar del Rio, in Cuba, arrived in New York on the 18th inst. with his wife and three children. Mr. Shelly said he had sixty Cubans in his employ and that he has lost everything in the world. He said his wife was insulted by the Spaniards. He was attacked by a Spanish soldier and wrested a ramrod from a ruffian who was trying to force it down his throat. Mr. Shelly says that British subjects are treated with consideration, while Americans are subjected to every indignity; their plantations being overrun as if they belonged to Cubans.

When he complained to General Lee about the treatment he had received he was told the best thing he could do was to get out of the country as soon as possible. "I had to flee for my life," said Mr. Shelly, "while British subjects were allowed to stay on their plantations in peace. When I left my home I wasn't sure that I would come back alive."

Captain Toronado Andrade, of General Maceo's staff, gave out the following interview at New Orleans: "General Maceo has in Pinar del Rio Province twenty thousand men, divided into groups of five hundred, more or less, each of which operates in one district, but all are in constant communication with the general headquarters. Maceo with his staff and perhaps four thousand men has his headquarters in the hills between San Cristobal and Cayabos. The men are well clothed and fed, have plenty of ammunition and will give an account of themselves. I consider General Maceo's position impregnable. The range of hills in which he is established is two hundred miles long by sixteen to twenty-four wide and every hill is a stronghold. The sides of these hills, which often rise one thousand feet above the sea, are covered with very thick underbrush or manigua, often in stretches by thick forests and here and there pieces of open land. The only way to get to the mountains is by mule paths, and on these no more than two to four men can go. These places are all held by the Cubans, and are protected by mines and traps unknown to any but the Cuban army guides. Should the Spaniards get to the top of any of the hills they would have to pass over countless dynamite mines, ready to be set off by the pressing of a button. The Spaniards have only twice managed to get half way up. Once was when General Inclan tried it at Taco

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Taco, and the other time was when General Munoz attacked Cascarajicara. Both attempts ended in signal defeats for the Spaniards. In this range of hills are spots of from one to five acres where General Maceo has established prefectures and where vegetables are cultivated, cartridges, powder, dynamite and other explosives made, and where our hospitals are located. These places it is impossible for the Spaniards to reach without destroying the Cuban army."

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